

HEART ECHOES

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HEART ECHOES



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BY

MARY LOUISA GAYLORD

"Via crucis, via lucis."

NEW-YORK, MDCCCXCV



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by
MARY LOUISA GAYLORD.

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*With the thought of an own sainted Mother,
whose presence her daughter has missed along
the byways of life, and of the gentle ones who
voice the past in pleasant memories, these mur-
murs of song have sought expression.*

*To a loved companion who has made many
hours brighter, this little volume entrusts itself
in the tender confidence of*

The Author.

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HEART ECHOES

PREFATORY

If perchance, in quiet nook,
Hand shall hold this little book,

May be it will seem most near
Just a shadow or a tear.

Simple echoes of the heart —
Breathing faintly their own part,

They essay to nothing more
Than a whisper on life's shore,

Wafted thitherward to stay
For the measure of its day.

HEART ECHOES

WHERE THE SHADOWS DIMLY GLIDE

Mother, you have left your own one
Where the shadows dimly glide,
And I cannot find the pathway
That would lead me to your side.
To your side.

Long, and lonely, I have wandered,
Till the day is growing old —
From the blushes of earth's morning
To the gruesome night, and cold.
Night, and cold.

Why, my Mother, were we parted —
Thou, my love, and I, thy care?
Why was heart-throb ever started,
On to beat, through deep despair?
Deep despair.

Could thy tenderness not fold me
Close, still closer to thy breast,
So the shadows could not find me,
When they laid thee down to rest ?
Down to rest.

Hast thou known the tears that followed
Every path where thou were not ?
Hast thou heard the sighs that sorrowed —
Felt the throb that ne'er forgot ?
Ne'er forgot.

Others say the skies are brighter
Than mine eyes may often see ;
And I do not hear love's whisper,
That would fain come back to me.
Back to me.

When the toilsome day is ended,
And this life's stern battle o'er,
Wilt thou meet me, dearest Mother,
As I near the silvered shore ?
Silvered shore.

A DREAM PICTURE

She came to me at midnight —
The picture of my dreams.
That pure and holy love-light
Across my spirit gleams,
As vision, half of mortal,
And half of higher sphere,
Seems just within the portal
That heaven brings most near.

So radiant her being,
And sweetly calm her face,
That only angel seeing
Could, as an angel, trace.
She stood, and o'er me bending,
Gazed with such wistful eyes,
Love's messengers seemed wending
Their way from starry skies.

I asked her, all entreating,
To take me to her care.
So earnest, love's repeating,
She sure would hear me there.
I woke — and o'er me stealing,
Came tears, as sobbing rain,
To find, with dawn's revealing,
That picture — not again.

Sweet Mother! can love's yearning
Or tenderness be stilled,
Till, nearer earthward turning,
All promise be fulfilled?
Thou 'lt come, my own, when nearly
The task of life is done.
Then — passing may be merely
As set of yonder sun.

DO YOU ?

Do you ever feel a shadow
 Resting closely at your side,
Even when the skies are brightest,
 Or at calm of eventide ?

When the busy world moves gaily,
 And its footsteps are so near,
Do you ever turn, to gently
 Brush away the hidden tear ?

Do you ever miss a presence
 That could deepest longing fill,
Yet, as months and years grow longer,
 Find that place more vacant, still ?

When the day, grown tired of gleaming,
 Drops its somber veil of gray,
Do you hear the twilight whisper
 Something of a far-away ?

LAY OF THE LASSIE

Take me back to the home of the heather,
Of the highland, the loch, and the lea,
Where the fields, all abloom in sweet feather,
Were the bonniest sight I could see.

Stern old craigs, looking forth in their boldness,
Seemed but scanning the dome of the blue.
And the harebells, emblossomed in coldness,
Were still holding their cups for the dew.

There 's a charm in the kilt, and the wearing
Of bright tartan and trappings so gay.—
Valiant soldiers, grown stalwart in bearing,
Were proudest awaiting the fray.

From the height of lone castle en-towered,
To the banks of the swift-flowing Ayr,
Breathes the mem'ry, so sweetly embowered,
Of the heart's chosen bard that sang there.

Take me back to the home of the heather,
Of the highland, the loch, and the lea,
Where the fields, all abloom in sweet feather,
Are a-nodding their welcome to me.

DOME OF THE BLUE

Beautiful blue of the summer sky,
With scarcely a cloudlet floating by,
Can it be that shadows find a place
To sadden the smile of earth's fair face?

Gazing aloft at the wonder-land
Which we never fully understand,
Thought wanders on in a mazy dream,
To lose itself in a sunlit gleam.

No height is so high that heaven's blue
Has not overarched the world anew!
Had we the wings for an airy flight,
They 'd brush the robes of the azure light.

ÆOLIAN WHISPERS

Sweet Music seems the soul of air —
A thrill of love vibrating there ;
A prayer, a hope, an ecstasy,
A dream that lifts us to the sky !

Great Nature 's full of melody,
Sweet song, and note of rhapsody ;
And woods and waters grandly tell
The height and depth of Music's spell.

Soft swaying, over drooping eyes,
The mother hums her lullabies,
And in that tenderness of tone
The gentle life finds rest alone.

The little harp of silken strings,
To childhood's charm, its music flings
Across the casement, where, at will,
Æolian sweetness murmurs still.

A maiden sits at dewy eve,
And sings the song her fancies weave ;
Then lists, enchanted, to the lay
That gently woos her, in life's May.

O Music! that so lightly swells
The pæan of the marriage bells,
Thy dirge, alike, in measured tread,
Notes solemn passing of the dead.

The music that is near the heart
Is all of life and death a part.
With what unconscious, wondrous touch
It trembles as it says so much!

And sad and softer as it grows,
Accompaniment of all our woes,
More calmly, 'neath earth's soothing rain,
The spirit hears its own refrain.

CLARENCE

Clarence ! my own, my beautiful !
I cannot think thee dead !
Thou bright and happy joyous child,
Oh, whither hast thou fled ?

Shall I ne'er see thy face again,
Nor hear thy bird-like voice ?
Ne'er listen for thy gentle tread,
Nor in thy mirth rejoice ?

I know, thy spirit was too pure
To tarry long on earth.
Such loving, trusting innocence
Was e'er of heavenly birth.

I long to press thee to my heart,
To tell thee of my love,
To feel thy kisses on my cheek,
My own sweet, gentle dove.

Thou art at rest — my treasured one ;
Thy spirit, ever free.
Heaven is near, since thou art there ;
And I — can follow thee.

WHERE ?

They told me that my darling
 Could no more see the light ;
That stilled was faintest throbbing.
 Yet, far into the night,
Mine eyes, grown dim with weeping,
 Were gazing, o'er and o'er,
For something in the stillness,
 To break that nevermore.

They whispered that in heaven
 I 'd meet my own again —
That loves went with the angels,
 To dwell in their domain.
Oh, who can see thus clearly,
 Beyond the misty air !
Some nearer voice must answer
 The old, old question — where ?

AFTER RAIN

Saddened one — regretful, sighing,
Through the anguish of thy night,
When there seems no voice replying —
In the dimness of thy sight,
Know a dawn awaits the morrow,
When, with hallowed peace, again,
There shall come, beyond thy sorrow,
Sunshine's promise after rain.

AS THE LILY

As the lily, in its whiteness,
Seems to feel diviner hand,
May we not oft catch the brightness
Gleaming from that purer land,
Just beyond our dimmer vision,
Where the asphodel may be,
Till, in home and air elysian,
We shall live eternally?

VENETA

Do you know the land of a sunny clime,
Where the earth and heaven seem most in chime,

Where gondolas gracefully glide and glide
O'er the waters that gently flow beside,

And strains that are waked by the gondolier
Float dreamily on to a maiden's ear?

My robes are the folds of the morning light,
And girdled with tints of the rainbow bright.

Mine eyes bear the sparkle of stars on high,
My jewels, the flash of an opal sky.

My tresses are dark as the raven's wing,
And toss to the winds as merry I sing,

Or dance to the sound of the castanet,
The gay tambourine, or the flageolet.

My lips caught their red from the ruby wine
That 's pressed from grapes of Italia's vine.

I know not a care 'yond earth's perfumed bower,
And trill with the birds that circle the tower.

My heart has grown warm 'neath the southern glow;
It likes not the chill of the stranger's snow.

With wave of the hand to liberty's shore,
I long for beautiful Venice the more.

Fond kisses I fling, as smiling I go,
And tenderly bid you — sweet *addio*.

SOUL BEAMS

There are some faces that we gaze upon,
And as if by magic, we are lifted
To some higher sphere, by the wondrous light
From an indwelling soul. It may not be
Our walk in life shall follow others' tread;
Yet, to have touched their garments by the way,
Or caught bright vision from their temple's shrine —
A purer, nobler thought shall image take,
And in unheeded moment, it may bless,
And prove a holy talisman by which
To reach an altitude sublime.

VOICES OF THE TREES

Have trees voices, and a being ?
Aye, and feeling, all their own ?
Can they hear us ? They can answer,
They can sigh, and they can moan —
In their living,
Ever giving
Rhapsodies of wondrous tone.

They can cheer or gently soothe us,
When we smile, or when we weep,
Singing in the summer breezes,
Swaying in their wintry sleep,
Breathing gladness,
Sighing sadness,
When the shadows sometime creep.

Fairy-like, they color, spreading
In the springtime's early day,
Till their long arms, upward, outward,
Fashion plumes to grace the May —
Nodding "yes" — "no,"
Do they say so ?
While they 're waving by the way.

Sweet sonatas of the wildwood !
Glorias of the mountain side !
Forests swell their anthems daily,
As they echo far and wide.
 'Yond the beaming,
 Comes a dreaming,
Charming us at eventide.

Who shall tell what tinted beauty
Voices, in the autumn dews,
As they whisper — each one wond'ring
Which shall wear the brightest hues,
 Sumac's garnet,
 Maple's scarlet,
Varied yellows — can they choose ?

Trees have voices ? Yes, they 're breathing
Ever, as the years go by,
Our own whispers, as we list them —
Hopes that lift us to the sky —
 In their sighing
 Or replying,
Requiem or lullaby.

WE 'VE MISSED HIM

We 've missed him in the sunlight,
We 've missed him in the shade.
We 've missed him in the wildwood,
We 've missed him in the glade.

The zephyrs, o'er the hillside,
In whispers sweet and low,
Have told us of our darling,
As on, still on, they go.

The bright blue sky above us,
The song of summer birds,
Have said there is a story
Too deep, alas, for words.

The rosy hues of morning,
The sunset and the eve,
Have brought the silent musings,
That mem'ry e'er shall weave.

In everything of beauty,
In all there is of joy,
We see our precious Clarence —
Our bright and happy boy.

Midst all the merry voices,
We list for his alone.
Among the little footsteps,
We long for those — now gone.

“LESS ALONE WHEN ALONE”

In the quiet, shadowed hour,
When the mystic curtains part,
Know we not some sainted power
Throws its incense o'er the heart,
Fanning into perfumed breath
Mem'ries wakened from their sleep?
Lo, our own heart-angel saith,
Not alone we vigils keep.

Other footsteps than our own
Softly through the portals glide;
When we seem the most alone,
They 're the closer at our side.
Gentle whispers, if we hear,
Still the throbs we scarce can bear —
Change the darkest nightly tear
Into dews of heaven's care.

Open wide love's entrance door
To the loved ones, so again,
Radiant from that other shore,
They can give surcease to pain.
If such gleams but light our way,
We shall never seem afar
From the breaking of the day,
When the gates are left ajar.

AN AUTUMN GARLAND

To a Friend on her Birthday

Bright as glow of autumn woods,
Sweet as bloom of perfumed flowers,
May I cull, from fancy's moods,
Buds to deck thy golden hours?

Garlands would I twine as fair,
Weavings of the gems of thought,
Blossoms, in their promise rare,
And with charm of beauty wrought.

Spring may scatter pearls of morn,
Strung on silver threads, the while;
As we watch them — aye, they 're gone!
In the sunshine of a smile.

Summer dreams itself away;
Zephyrs toy with golden wings.
Fairy fingers only play
With the brightest, flitting things.

Autumn's sunbeam, did'st thou come?
Formed of rainbow hues so bright,
From the blue of yonder home,
Dawned thine own October light!

LIFE DREAMS

Does life promise joy on a fairy sea,
'Neath skies ever blue? and haven as free?
I listened at portals on earth's highway,
And something of this, heard a whisper say.

Bright sunbeams were glancing through open door,
And merry as bird was a gleeful floor,
Where childhood was telling, with laughing eyes,
Of frolic a-brim, in its sportive guise.

The days were as glad as ever could be;
Delights, ever new and wondrous to see,
Till, passing beyond the little feet's span,
Came wishes, in haste, to be a great man.

A soldier, perhaps, to handle a gun!
A triumph like this seemed life just begun,
When wearisome things should be left behind,
And only one's self to rule and to mind.

Swift years, in their flight, led boyhood away;
And youth followed closely, crowding the day.
As higher the aim, and sterner the will,
Proud manhood was wishing for something still.

New visions arose, the brightest of earth ;
Sweet hopes hovered close, and love was their birth.
When heart beats for heart, in promise of bliss,
Has life, in its dreaming, rapture like this ?

.

Why now steal the shadows ? Lonely, the door.
Why hushed is the step on the silent floor ?
All visions have fled ; and memory's eyes
Must look to the height of their paradise.

Thus life, with its dreams and transports of joy,
Goes fatefully onward, tossed as a toy.
Tears, as the smile, are alike to the wave ;
Yet visions arise, from cradle to grave.

NOBODY'S CARE

Nobody's care, and nobody's claim !
Out in the wide world, daily I roam,
Foot-sore and weary, lonely and lorn ;
Earth for a pillow, no roof my home.

Nobody hears, and nobody knows
How the sad heart-beats quicken and go,
As the mad fever leaps to my brow,
Or the faint throbbings flutter so low.

Nobody feels and nobody cares.
Others, have birth and station and gold ;
Breezes can fan them through summer's heat ;
Bright firesides warm, when winters are cold.

Nobody thinks and nobody sees.
And if they did, 't would all be the same.
They cannot help the miseries here.
They know no want and are not to blame.

Nobody's love, and nobody's cheer.
None to caress, when eyes are a-dim.
Tears were not made for sunshine and joy —
Only for sorrow, up to the brim.

Nobody's care, and nobody's claim,
Still in the wide world sadly I 'll roam.
Maybe, some night-time, stars, looking down,
Will, in their pity, show me death's home.

Only the daisies, white as the snow,
Shall throw their mantle over my bed.
Roses, that knew no blossoming here,
Would waste their fragrance, when I am dead.

FILIAL TRUST

The night had been long, as the snowflakes whirled
And heaped into beauty their weight of down,
For those who should waken from beds of ease,
To know but the burden of silken gown.
With warmth in the heart,
And riches, a part,
What chill could be felt in so great a town!

Yet, nearing the snowdrifts, over the way,
Ere morning was swinging its busy bell,
Or merry the laugh in the feathered air,
A lone one, and young, had her tale to tell —
With hands cold and red,
From their frosty bed,
And sighs grown as sad as a funeral knell.

“Why, my poor child, are you out in the cold?
Why the big tears in those beautiful eyes?
What is the sorrow that saddens you so?
Were you not made for this earth and its skies?
Is there no dear one,
Ever so near one,
Ready to mantle such desolate guise?”

“ Father ’s away, and my mother — she died.
Sister and brother had both gone before.
But when my mother was dying, she said,
‘ Do not cry, darling, when I am no more.
Wait! some one will come
And find you a home,
When I have gone to that shadowy shore.’

“ So, sir, I have waited from day to day,
Since the night that she left me — cold and dead.
Still, she always told me the truth, you know,
And, maybe, I ’ll never know hungry bread.
In dreams I have been
With her, and have seen
Somehow, and somewhere, all that she has said.”

O wealth! that is pouring this way and that!
Wilt shelter some lone one, ever so near,
So that a mother’s last trust shall not fail?
Comfort the children. So little, with cheer,
May, in its giving,
Bring brighter living,
And check the falling — aye, motherless tear.

YOUR VALENTINE

Wilt listen, while I tell thee,
On true love's wistful day,
Of fancies that would charm thee,
And never stray away?
Never stray away.

Were I a blush of morning,
So many-tinted, rare,
I 'd come, Aurora dawning,
And robe thee, rosy fair.
Robe thee, rosy fair.

Were I a little snowflake,
A starry, downy thing,
I 'd whiter wintry days make,
And merry pæans bring.
Merry pæans bring.

Were I a bit of azure
In heaven's dome so high,
I 'd be its brightest blue, pure,
And rest in your own sky.
Rest in your own sky.

Were I a tiny flower —
 “ Forget-me-not,” I ’d say,
From every perfumed bower,
 And deck earth’s sweetest May.
 Deck earth’s sweetest May.

Were I a gentle zephyr
 That wakes the balmy air,
I ’d only whisp’ring leaves stir,
 To soothe thee, dreaming there.
 Soothe thee, dreaming there.

Were I a little cloudlet,
 I ’d flit across love’s sky,
To see its golden hours set,
 And tell the day, good-by.
 Tell the day, good-by.

Were I a star at even,
 All steadfast, fixed and true,
I ’d rival orbs of heaven,
 And rise and set — for you.
 Rise and set for you.

Ah! After all, what am I?
 This little thought to thine —
A passing dream, a lone sigh —
 May be? Your Valentine.

NEARLY OVER

Stern winter is drifting away, away.
The storm-king is resting, with locks so gray,
And wond'ring if he can much longer stay,
When breath becomes faint in the growing day.

Drear are the night winds that ruthlessly blow,
Swaying the tree-tops and moaning so low.
Cheerless, the falling of sleet and the snow;
Lonely, the hour, as thoughts wandering go.

Faint not! The icicles bringing thee tears,
Gems may enshrine, in the love-light of years.
Dark as the cloud, and the sorrow that sears,
Hope shall illumine thy pathway of fears.

Lift thy dim eyes to the heavens, so blue!
They were all made for the world, and for you!
Deep in their depths, are there not summers, too,
Midst all the winters? From old, springs the new.

Every pure sky-thought a story shall tell,
Falling adown in its mystical spell.
Mantlet of flowers, earth 's hiding so well,
Soon shall clothe hillside, and woodland, and dell.

Winter, grim winter! then calmly to rest.
Buds, in their blooming, shall say it was best.
Pure are thy shadows; they have their behest.
Peaceful, thy passing. Bright spring, be our guest.

EASTER BLOOM

Sweetest Lily! Emblem fair
Of a life that is to be!
Matchless, in thy purity!
Saintly symbol! Gladsome eyes,
Ever with a new surprise,
View thy coronal, so rare.

On this resurrection morn
Seems the whiteness of thy face
As an angel finger's trace!
Waxen-like, thy leaves unfold —
Marvel from the winter's mold!
Stateliness and grace, newborn!

Fragrance of ambrosial art!
Could we know that beauty's bloom
Waits at every darksome tomb,
We would surely roll away,
At the portal of each day,
Sorrow's burden from the heart.

TOUCH OF SPRING

Spring, gliding forth in her beauty,
 Unfolding her mantle of green,
Noiselessly treads, as she passes
 So close between shadow and sheen.

Leaving sweet breath in the wildwood,
 And tints as the blush of a bride,
Fair, among blossoms, she scatters
 Arbutus, the star of her pride.

Off to the fields she is tripping,
 With lap full of snowiest white.
Daisies all over are springing,—
 Lo! their eyes touched with golden light.

THE ANGEL OF YOUR SOUL

(*To C. S.*)

We laid her, in the springtime,
With hands upon her breast,
Under the dewy greensward.
There sweetly did she rest.

We covered her with violets,
With roses, sweet and rare.
The angels sure would find her,
In beauty, pure and fair.

Yes, dear one, they did find her.
Ere yet your tears were dry,
They bore your precious darling
To love's own sainted sky.

Not to the far-off heaven,
But to ethereal blue,
Whence she can see her dear ones,
And love and comfort you.

She 'll guide you, if you seek her,
Unto that heavenly goal,
Where she may be, forever,
The angel of your soul.

NEAR THE SUNSHINE STORMS WILL LOWER

Though the morn may wake in brightness,
And the noonday dream, the while,
Still, the heart may lose its lightness ;
Fate may chill its fondest smile.

Ere the evening shadows darken,
'Yond the glowing of the day,
We may sadly wait, to hearken
For some step that came away —

For some voice that whispered gently,
And so closely, at our side.
We may listen, all intently —
Yet the silences abide.

Sweetest rose will droop with tending,
And life's purest pale and die.
Faintest breath that 's earthward wending,
Must return to its own sky.

Eyes will dim, and tears, in falling,
Rest as dew upon the flower.
Shadows come as shrouds — appalling.
Near the sunshine, storms will lower.

While in rapture we are lifted
By some dear and saintly hand,
Hopes are wrecked, and we are drifted
On a lone and dismal strand.

NOT TO-DAY

Baby with the golden hair,
Weaving brightness o'er his head;
Baby with those eyes so blue,
Born of heaven — so they said.
So they said.

Baby with the dimpled hands,
Rosebud cheeks, and brow so fair;
Baby with those lips so sweet,—
Mother's kisses lingered there.
Lingered there.

Baby with the gentle voice,
Breathing sweetness, day by day;
Baby formed in beauty's mold —
Treasured darling! Couldst not stay!
Couldst not stay.

Baby's golden curls — no more
Twined by mother's fingers here.
Baby's eyes — are closed in sleep!
Cannot see a mother's tear.
Mother's tear.

Baby's tiny hands are still —
Will no more with sunbeams play.
Baby's lips for kisses made,
Cannot feel them. Not to-day.
Not to-day.

Baby's voice no more may lisp
Loving tones, as when, to rest,
Baby's form so often lay
Close, so close to mother's breast.
Mother's breast.

A LEGEND OF TEARS

(Suggested by F. Paul Thumann's "Weeping Pitcher")

Mothers, weary grown with weeping,
In your anguish, 'side the bier,
Listen to love's angels, keeping
Watch o'er every falling tear.

'Neath the shadows, broken-hearted,
Wept a mother for her child.
Death, from loving arms, had parted
Hopes that dearest thought beguiled.
Beauty that e'en matched the flowers
Had been hers to fondly press;
Smiles, that gladdened sunniest hours,
Made earth heaven, in each caress.

In her woe, the night-time darkened.
Tears, like rain, kept welling o'er.
In her mute despair she hearkened —
Only the refrain — "no more!"
Vain, for her, the clouds were lifted,
In her moaning, o'er the wild.
Life from life seemed ever rifted —
"O my beautiful! — my child!"

Kneeling thus, amid her weeping,
Prayed she to the far-off skies,
Till, her sighing stilled to sleeping,
Oped a vision to her eyes.
All about her, 'yond the seeming
Of earth's dark and dismal day,
Came there light most brightly gleaming,
Clearing all the mists away.

Forms there seemed to float, ærial,
Sparkling robes, with waving light,
Changing shadows of funereal
Darkness into snowy white ;
Bands of children, sweetly singing
Songs that breathed Elysian air —
Buds and blossoms, perfume bringing,
Weaved they, with their golden hair.

As they passed, the mother, yearning,
Sought her treasured one alone —
Ecstasy ! with fondness burning,
She beheld her only own !
“ Mother mine ! O know me truly,
I 'm your darling, day by day.
Hold me, fold me, love me duly,
But I cannot longer stay.

“ For I have to carry thither
All the tears you sadly shed !
Wouldst thou send me, weary, whither
Blessings might bedew thy head ? ”

“No, my sweet one, mother’s loving
Shall be peaceful, calm, and wise.
Ever tender, in its proving,
It shall trust the nearer skies.”

Earth’s morning broke. The vision fled.
Seemed an angel presence near?
No more the mother’s child was “*dead*.”
Faith had gemmed love’s fallen tear.

IN THE SHADOW

Bright glows the west, then gray its sky.
Day goes to rest when eve is nigh.

Dim twilight steals, as angels tread.
So still it feels! yet nothing dread.

Aye, whisper soft, for they can hear!
We gaze aloft—still find them near.

O yes, I know. Sweet spirit true,
Thou 'st found it so. Amid the blue,

Bright stars will peep, pale moon will shine,
Dark shadows creep, while peace is thine.

On some pure, bright, and happy shore,
Must dawn the light that fades no more.

SOFTLY TELL ME

Canst thou tell me, fairest flower,
Who hath made thy bloom so bright?
How the sunshine, shade, or shower,
Timely comes in day or night
To unfold thee?
Softly tell me,
And I 'll hold thy secret tight.

Whence thy color, rarest blending —
Is it borrowed from the skies?
Rosy dawn or sunset lending
Charm and tinting of their guise?
Doth e'er linger,
Fairy finger?
Or is all thine own surprise.

From what land comes sweetest perfume?
Where in hiding does it stay?
Knowest thou thy little earth-room,
Safe from storm of wintry day?
Is thy sweetness
In completeness
Of ambrosial fragrance? — say!

Ah, methinks the dewdrop resting,
Jewel-like, on floral bed,
Knows as much its moment's cresting
As thy bloom its rose's red.
Beauty rarely
Whispers fairly.
Sweetest things are those unsaid.

SILVER THREADS

(On a silver-wedding day)

In the dewy morn, I come
To the sanctity of home,
With love's offering for the day
That shall blend each silver ray.

Sacred grow the ties that bind
Heart to heart, and mind to mind.
Wealth they bring that 's all untold —
Silver threads to weave the gold.

Through the journeying of years,
Should earth's cloudlet drop its tears,
Know, beyond each passing care,
Gleams a silver lining there.

Fairest flowers I would twine,
All along the silver line.
Sweetest fragrance, that shall stay
When the rose fades all away.

A CHILD'S LAMENT

When at work, or when at play,
Other hearts seem glad and gay ;
Why am I less free than they ?

Why, amidst the joyous throng,
In the merry laugh and song,
Does my voice less oft belong ?

Why, more happy when alone,
Hearing no one's voice or tone,
Feels my heart more free to moan ?

Why so often do I sigh,
When no list'ning ear is nigh ?
Why, oh ! tell me, tell me why.

ONLY THIS

I could not find my love, to-day —
She went so quickly far away,

And left me in a sorry plight,
To brood the wrong, or prove the right.

We merely had a little fuss,
And she said this, and I said thus.

She said I “scolded” — made her “cry.”
I called her “nervous” — ’t was not *I*.

I needed a few stitches set :
She could “not spare the time just yet.”

I asked for needle and some thread :
“Oh, botheration !” low, she said.

I wanted my new necktie straight :
She told me I would “have to wait.”

How could I wait for gewgaws fine ?
Had I not my best shoes to shine ?

She "must have" her "spring hat to wear,"
So, why would I be "such a bear?"

We parried a few words at ease,
And none of them were, "if you please,"

Till I am sure that neither can
Tell how the trouble first began.

I smoothed my highest hat, and went —
As if on business intent.

Yet, further as I sought to wend
My steps, they still would homeward tend.

It was no use, I could not stir.
So near, and yet so far from her.

If petty turmoils bring the tears,
What shall we do with all the years?

"Come back, my love, perhaps *'t was* I.
For you I live, for you I 'll die.

"Then let us ever patient be —
I 'll wait for you, and you for me."

Atoning kisses pave the way,
And they shall never learn to stray.

WITHOUT A TOIL OR TROUBLE

I love the hills —
Their running rills,
That dance amid the glowing,
And sparkle bright,
With pure delight,
Through glint of summer's showing.

As on they go,
Now swift, now slow,
Then babbling into bubble,
Soft murmurs say,
“We ’ll find our way,
Without a toil or trouble.”

Along the mead,
The ripples lead
Where Æolus is playing;
Then turn aside,
And gently glide,
In pebbly paths a-straying.

Through wooded way,
Where mosses stay,
The crystal trickles — dropping.
For waiting lips,
The cool draught drips
From founts that know no stopping.

A MATIN LAY

Gently breaks the rosy morning,
Sweetly peaceful, calm and still —
Blending beauty, while adorning
Valley, dale, and crested hill !

'T is an hour when angels tarry
On their way, to greet the dawn —
From night's portals, oft, they carry
Hopes and loves — Ah ! whither gone ?

To the Morning Land of heaven !
Where no clouds will drop their dew,
Save to bless — in mercy given —
For each tear, a rainbow hue.

'T is an hour when flowers are sweetest ;
Perfumes fill the balmy air ;
Singing birds then soar the fleetest,
Midst the gold that 's streaming there.

Ever, in this hour of beauty,
When love's smile is in the sky,
Ere the world awakes to duty,
Dream we of some presence nigh.

SHROUDED BLOSSOMS

Sweet blossoms were wreathed
 In her shining hair,
And the maids looked on
 With an eager air,
As the bride stepped forth,
 In her whiteness there,
To greet her proud knight
 On love's golden stair.

The deepening swell
 Of the wedding strain
Broke forth in the might
 Of that grand refrain,
Which startles and charms,
 As ever again
It thrills to the tread
 Of the mystic twain.

.
The blossoms — were dead
 In her shining hair!
And the maids wept on,
 With a sadder air,
As the bride lay still
 In her whiteness there.
The knight — stood alone
 By love's shattered stair!

NOT AGAIN

Feels my heart all chill and lonely —
Close beside the window pane.
Soul's lament, despairing wildly,
Answers to the midnight rain!
Love has left thee,
Love 's bereft thee!
Hopes once crushed, come not again.

STARLESS

Throughout the far, high heavens,
There is no light to me,
Though all its stars were shining,
When one I cannot see.
More drear will creep the shadows,
As lonely steps shall tread,
Till, weary with life's waiting,
They 'll near the sainted dead.

EVENTIDE

When life lies buried in a dream,
And all things dark and mystic seem,

We look beyond, and trusting, find
A firmer faith, serener mind.

When dews shall rest upon the flower,
And musings come at twilight hour,

With breathings of some gentle love,
That would its nearer presence prove,

Sweet peace shall hover o'er the breast,
And still the throbbing heart to rest.

MARGUERITE

The fairest bloom,
In earth's bright room,
Is that which tells of
Marguerite.

So blithe, so gay,
In gentle way,
No burden bears my
Marguerite.

Her laughing eyes
Are wondrous wise,
They twinkle shyly,
Marguerite.

She 's busy quite
From morn till night,
"Sweet-doing-nothing"
Marguerite.

There seems no song,
The world along,
The birds can trill like
Marguerite.

I cannot tell —
Ah well, ah well,
Blight could not come to
Marguerite.

No heaven's smile
Could then beguile.
My heart would beat for
Marguerite.

In every wind,
I 'd try to find
Some voice that whispered
Marguerite.

Thou wilt not leave
Me, morn nor eve,
But be life's dream, my
Marguerite.

TEARS AMID THE ROSES

Darling one ! My precious flower !
Baby of the vesper hour !
Time has traced its weary way,
Noting oft the darksome day,
Since a bud of promise bright,
Mid the tiny robes and white,
Came to loving arms and care,
As if it would linger there.

Baby slept, and baby dreamed ;
And the dawning brighter seemed,
When those blue eyes waked the day,
Beaming in their winsome way.
Spring returned to spring again ;
Summer sun, and summer rain ;
But its noonday fell with blight —
Touched my rose — and turned it white !

Month of roses ! Did they know
That I 'd miss my baby so ?
Could they come in fragrant bloom,
When my heart was clad in gloom ?
Waft their perfume to the skies !
As sweet incense let it rise !
May be there my baby knows
How love's tears imperaled its rose.

JUNE

I do not love the month of June :
My harp seems then all out of tune ;
For on its bright and sunny days
I learned to breathe life's saddest lays.

I do not love the month of June :
Its blossoms came, and went, too soon.
The sweetest perfume of the year
Brings promise only of a tear !

I do not love the month of June :
Some dread it bodes, as cries the loon
That wings anear the restless wave,
Then darts and hides, its head to save.

I do not love the month of June :
All pale doth grow its newest moon.
The days, aweary, longer grow,
And mock my heart that 's beating so.

THINK AGAIN

Oh, the sting of a word ! a careless word ;
And the pang that it so unmindful sends !
Better dumb the voice, and its tone unheard,
Than the lisp of scorn, that its satire lends.

Ah ! when we have known how the heart can break,
And the weary eye see the dead of night,
Can a cruel shaft still its poison take
To leave all the bane of a withering blight ?

Perhaps, in the dawn of a future day,
When the shadows hide some presence anear,
We will think again, how the lips could say,
Ever, aught to cause life's bitterest tear.

TRISTESSE

Weary of life's waiting !
 Long, its tired day.
Weary of earth's working,
 Through its dim away.

Heartaches find no healing
 Balm beneath the sun.
Hopes find no fulfilling,
 When the day is done.

Sighs still find no dying.
 Throbs beat on, through fears.
Thoughts, in their replying,
 Speak in welling tears.

Buds, sweet blooming, wither
 In the breath of morn ;
And they 're wafted thither
 Ere the rose is born !

THAT WHICH PASSETH NOT

Those who 've felt most of sorrow, know the cup
That passeth not, except we press it close,
With a submissive meekness, to our lips,
And trusting, quaff all bitterness it sends.
Perchance, through an uplifting of the soul,
And clearer vision of grave Nature's plan,
We may discern the aim and ultimate
Of that which often baffles grosser sense.
From out the shadow of earth's vale of tears,
We lift our eyes to the celestial blue,
And, with compassion, learn to share the lot
Of others, when the dews shall heavy rest
Upon the rose-leaf, as it droops, and falls.

LEFT TO THE DAISIES

Not by monument of fame
Rests the lonely one, whose name
 May be oft engraven where
Silence sits and bows its head,
While strange footsteps, wond'ring, tread
 'Side life's saddened mem'ry there.

Lone one ! over earth's highway,
Thou hast found the " eye of day !"
 Winter meets the fairy spring —
Throws its white to summer's gleam,
Dotting circlets, till they seem
 Little suns, to brightness bring.

Some one's dearest ! thou hast known
How the soul 's immortal grown,
 Leaving here its earthly guise.
Thou hast found the dews of morn,
All impearled and heaven-born,
 In thy pure, unclouded skies.

Let the daisies ever, so,
With the summers, come and go.
 Heaven's care shall deck thy tomb.
Hands unmindful may not stay ;
Thought may vanish with the day ;
 They — will not forget to bloom.

THE TRYST

Wilt thou care thus alway, ever,
Through the days that are to be ?
Will the changeful heart beat, never ?
Shall mine eyes look trustingly ?
Should thy beaming
Be but seeming,
All the world were naught to me.

Promises are often merely
Words that stir the outer air.
That which speaks the most sincerely,
Is the soul's unuttered prayer.
In its trueness,
Heaven's blueness
Knows its inmost being there.

Should the mist e'er dim the sunlight,
Or earth's shadow steal apace,
May the sacred glow of love-light
Gleam yet with a brighter face,
And the smiling
Hours, beguiling,
Find again their trysting place.

BEFORE

He said he loved me, only,
As no one had loved before.
He 'd cherish me thus alway,
And forever, more and more.

He said no eye was brighter;
And no voice was half so sweet.
No brow so like the marble;
And no step was e'er so fleet.

He said there was no heaven,
And no life, where I was not;
That hope would all forsake him,
If I ever him forgot.

He said he'd like to take me
To the farthest distant star,
Where no rude wind should find me,
And we 'd live alone, afar!

The roses vied with blushes,
As sweet perfumes filled the air,
The promise of life's future
Was so bright, so wondrous fair!

AFTER

I wonder if he 's coming,
For the hour is growing late
Time seems so long, in watching
For his footstep at the gate.

There never was a waiting
In the days of long ago !
Then, eve went all a dreaming,
With its whispers, sweet and low.

Have eyes so dimmed with beaming ?
Or heart lost its throb, the while ?
Have cheeks grown pale, in pressing
'Gainst the seeming of a smile ?

I 've only lived in being
His, through bright or weary day.
Youth's freshest hope and fancy
Went with him, along life's way.

Hath grown a rueful shadow,
Through the vista of the years ?
Before, do men swear falsely,
And then scorn the after tears ?

DOOM OF THE UTOPIA

Down — down — down, in the night,
Went a hapless ship, with its freight of souls!
From proud stem to stern, through the angry wave,
It quivered and reeled — no moment to save
The hundreds that passed where the death knell rolls.
Down — down. Most direful sight.

Lo, what cries of despair!
Dread faces upturned! and hands stretched to grasp
The tiniest “straw,” if only to clutch
And hold the life line! When pleading so much,
Would prayers not avail, in that cold, cold clasp?
Answered no heaven, there?

Could naught presage the doom
That hovered so near, in moments of bliss,
When life was all joy, with hopes running o’er,
Through dreams of some bright Utopian shore,
Where skies were made blue with freedom’s own kiss?
Was sail set for a tomb?

Oh! the myriads swept
To that great abyss, whose vast charnel room
Holds merciless sway ’neath a foaming crest,
Nor pities the woe of a human breast
That ’s dashed, as it heaves, down into the gloom
Where the last sleep is slept.

CLOUDED SKIES

How oft it seems the misery
Of life exceeds its joy,
As ever we are journeying
Midst bliss and its alloy.

The sunlight of a happy hope
Is dimmed by shadow's pain,
And song that wakes an ecstasy
Sings not the same again.

While earth is beaming, glad and gay,
Her treasures running o'er,
Want may be lurking at some latch,
Where sorrow heaps its store.

Though morning mist shall gently fall,
Distilling perfume's breath,
The night may deluge with its woe,
And leave its slumber — death!

BABY DEAR

Baby, little baby dear,
Do you know that you are here,
In this great big world, so near,
With its every joy and tear?
Baby, little baby dear.

Robed in folds of snowy white,
Nestling snugly out of sight,
Wrapt so curiously tight,
As if all were stillness quite!
Robed in folds of snowy white.

Sweetly, baby, sweetly sleep;
Gentle ones will vigil keep,
As they through the curtains peep.
May life's shadows never creep!
Sweetly, baby,—sweetly sleep.

BORROWED GOLD

With noontide glow, the summer's sun
 Looked down upon the quickened sod.
Lo! face to face, as swift hours run,
 Stands, in its pride, the golden-rod.

It waves its graceful sprays of bloom,
 And flowerets a thousandfold,
Till hill and lowland each find room
 To gaily spread a cloth of gold.

It tells us summer days are few ;
 That autumn waits with gracious nod.
Yet earth will waken, and anew
 Will spring the sunlit golden-rod.

AUTUMN WHISPERS

What of the summer, beautiful leaves,
What has it whispered, under the eaves,
When earth has gathered her golden sheaves?

As ye go dropping down,
Now with a flutter, then with a sigh,
Some, as if falling just from the sky,
Waft us the message, autumn is nigh!
Dropping adown, adown.

Gone is the springtime, tinted with green;
Past is the summer's sunlight and sheen.
Floats the thought sometime, gently, I ween,

As ye go dropping down,
Of the bright moments when, side by side,
Youth in its beauty, years in their pride,
Under your shadows joys did divide?
Dropping adown, adown.

Falling, still falling! Sadly depart,
Glories unfolded — veined with such art!
Can ye interpret earth's beating heart,

As ye go dropping down?
While leaves are whirling restlessly round,
Rustling with light or dolorous sound,
They may be covering many a mound.
Dropping adown, adown.

There is no dying! Beauty of soul
Lives its life onward, nearing its goal!
Fear not the drifting winters that roll,
 As ye go dropping down.
Out from earth's darkness cometh a spring,
Bud and its blossom, beauty, shall bring,
Bright as the joyously flitting wing.
 Dropping adown, adown.

DREAM THOUGHTS

We dream and dream — yet, ere the morn
Is heralded, as if on wings,
The thought has vanished, and the lorn,
Lost hope ever regretful sings.

So subtle are the voices we
Oft vainly try to list and keep,
That life seems, in its mystery,
As strange and curtained as our sleep.

It may be that the “border-land”
Lies just beyond our dimmer sight,
And could we only understand
Earth’s harmony, to tune aright,

We ’d then discern the hidden path
That seems so darksome, vague, and drear,
And find some angel presence hath,
The veil uplifting, made it clear.

BRING THE HOLLY

Bring the holly for the dear ones ;
 Wreathe the brightest evergreen.
It shall speak the voice of near ones,
 As fond mem'ries come, I ween.
 Eyes are glancing,
 Hopes are dancing,
In the joy of Christmas eve.

Let the sounds of mirth and gladness
 Ring through all the world, along,
Drowning every tone of sadness
 In a merry Christmas song.
 Lamps will brighten,
 Hearts will lighten,
In the cheer of Christmas eve.

As the wheels, so rapid turning,
 Bear love tokens far and near,
Thoughts fly swifter than the whirling,
 Way into the midnight clear.
 Stars are gleaming,
 Childhood 's dreaming
Of the charm of Christmas eve.

FRIENDLY FINGERS

Perhaps a bachelor does n't care
Much — thinks 'most anything 's good to wear.
May be it is. I know full well
The outer is too oft a "swell."

Yet woman 's practical, you know,
And likes "protection," as things go.
Though men think muffs are in our way,
They will not slight our gloves, will they?

I know not if our tastes agree;
Yet what suits you, will best suit me.
Should you like brown, I may like blue;
They see the same, if only true.

One favor more I have to ask,
And it would never be a task —
If in the wear and tear of life
Some stitches cause a little strife,

Make tiny openings, here and there,
Such bugbears to a man, and care,—
Let friendly fingers mend the way,
That saves the "nine," some future day.

ONE OF MANY

'T was in the merry season
Of happy Christmas-time,
When all the bells were waiting
To ring their merry chime.
I strolled in yonder city,
Along its bright Broadway,
So many sights for seeing
Were there, for festal day.

Gay carriages were rolling,
With gayer hearts inside.
Bright liveries were swelling,
As if they ought to ride.
The windows, all, were teeming
With every sort of thing,
Each one a claim possessing,
From gem to baby ring.

The flowers, e'en, were blooming
Amid the frosty air,
And roses, in their beauty,
Half dreamed of summer there.

The evergreens were twining
With holly from the woods,
And faces wore the sunshine
Of gayest, brightest moods.

Among the many, gazing
At this thing and at that,
There came a little maiden,
Without a glove or hat.
Her skirt was scant and dingy ;
Her shoes were sadly worn ;
Her hair, unkempt and flowing ;
Her garments, soiled and torn.

She stood there, ever peering,
With shawl upon her head,
At something that was shining —
A little golden bed !
The pillows were so dainty !
And coverlet of lace !
With just a little tinting
Of blue, in sweetest grace.

She thought — O, if she had it,
With dolly, fine and fair —
To lay her, just a moment,
With flaxen ringlets there,
She would not care for stockings,
Or hat upon her head.
If only she could have it —
That little golden bed.

She stood so long, I left her,
 With shawl upon her head.
I turned, yet still she lingered,
 To see the golden bed.
With sadder step, I wandered,
 And mixing with the throng,
Bethought me of that lone one —
 And where did she belong ?

O, in the Christ-child's coming,
 With gifts and treasures rare,
Remember, in its advent
 Some are forgotten there.
One little waif and wand'rer,
 With an unpillowed head,
Perhaps, in lowly dwelling,
 Dreams of a golden bed.

BABY'S SHOES

What so oft a story brings,
Over all love's dainty things,
To which mem'ry fondly clings,
As Baby's little shoes !

How we 've watched the tiny feet
Stepping out, our arms to greet,
With such wonderment to meet,
In Baby's little shoes !

Ah, the tears will ever rise
When those feet have pressed the skies,
Though they seem of little guise —
A Baby's little shoes.

No, we would not let them go.
They shall ever, ever know
That we love them, love them so —
The Baby's little shoes.

Mothers, keep them with the rest.
Little things meet love's behest.
Treasured once, they still are blest —
Dear Baby's little shoes !

REVERIE

Sitting in the twilight, dreaming
Of the days that used to be —
Visions of their brightness gleaming,
Filling life with ecstasy,
Come with gladness,
Come with sadness,
O'er the waves of memory.

How we wander from life's dawning,
All along the strands of time,
Peering through its rosy morning,
Viewing all its heights sublime,
Through the sunlight
Of earth's love-light,
Till we hear its vesper chime !

List we for some kindred measure
To our soul's lamenting strain,
Seeking mem'ry's fondest treasure —
Chords that vibrate not again.
Eyes that, sleeping,
Know they 're weeping,
Wake to feel night's sobbing rain.

When some bleaker hour is breathing
Through the winds that restless blow,
Know we not green will be wreathing,
Just beyond the winter's snow,
While the flowers
Dream of bowers,
Where they shall in beauty grow ?

Thus an angel world is pleading,
'Yond all graves of "nevermore,"
As it whispers — Life's receding
Only opes the golden door
Of that heaven
Love hath given
Through its blissful evermore.

ENTRE NOUS

Be of good cheer ;
And if the year
Has sad and weary grown, Love,
Perhaps the rise
Of far-off skies
Reveals some blessing sown, Love,
Through furrowed care.
Sad sighs come where
The heart beats all alone, Love.
Be of good cheer.

Through adverse fate,
Souls learn to wait,
With trust, the higher life, Love.
So, dark days done,
Last set of sun
Brings peace to star the night, Love.
Let hope and heart
Still bear their part ;
Unitedly, we 'll say, Love,
Be of good cheer.

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE YEAR

Closely gather round the firelight ;
Nearer, joining hearts and hands —
Looking farther than the starlight ;
Watching time's low-running sands,
While they 're going, going, going,
One by one, as waves recede.
Know we ever of the coming ?
Whither hopes or fears may lead ?

Dimly burn the embers — nearing
Midnight, all so dark and cold.
Faintly tick the moments, fearing
That the year is growing old.
Never dead ! There is no dying.
Every moment 's borne a thought
Which shall meet its best replying
In the good that it has wrought.

Have we daily breathed a blessing ?
Shed anon a kindly tear ?
Ever, " one of " " these " caressing,
Offered words of hope and cheer ?
These shall live beyond the going
Of earth's joys, its griefs, its cares.
In the reaping of life's sowing,
Come the angels,— " unawares."

THE NEW FACE

From far Algeria's land it came,
Where forms of grace and beauty rare,
'Neath sunny skies, find graceful ease,
In "*dolce far niente*" care.

How shyly, half unveiled, it peered,
To meet an all-expectant gaze,
And in the brightest circlet gleamed,
As if to heighten our amaze.

The slender and uplifted hands,
As if the motion we should know,
Most deftly pointed out the way
That notes full oft our bliss or woe.

We hoped our guest would feel at home,
And never turn to other clime —
That, as the moments sped along,
Each golden hour would willing chime.

With anxious ear, and all intent,
We listened, till the eager air
Was stirred by tone as sweetly clear
As nun's own voice at evening prayer.

As 'neath some lofty dome, it swelled.
Yet cold as adamantine rock
That new face seemed. Perhaps you've guessed —
'T was only our cathedral clock!

THE WHITE ROBIN

“Remember the light in the window, Love,
When the evening shadows play;
It shall burn so bright in its glowing there,
You will think that it 's always day.
Then fold me again,
Again and again;
You will not be long far away.”

They parted.—Two lives in such fondness blest —
No thought of its waning could mar;
In living, he loved; she, in loving, lived.
Their heaven was never afar.
All burdens were sweet,
And did blessing meet.
Each life unto each was its star.

They saw not the drifting clouds as they rolled,
In that morn of their hopes so high.
They heard not the voice of a coming dread,
In the hour of that day's good-by.
Yet, nearer at last,
Swept the threatening blast,
And darkened the face of earth's sky.

So long were the dismal hours that grew ;
And silent the soul's whispered prayer.
O dearest, O nearest, sweet is the home,
In the warmth of its fireside care.
No distance should part
Such trueness of heart.
Love braves all earth's storms to be there.

The light in the window, with anxious hand,
She placed, as so often, his guide,
When over the waste a beacon it seemed,
And quickened his steps to her side.
In that one bright beam,
It surely might seem
No shadow would ever betide.

O pitiless storm ! to beat o'er his head,
Where hands all so gently would rest.
How cruel the blast, to threaten with woe
The heart of all hearts she loved best.
Oh ! were he but near,
'Yond doubt and its fear,
How each would in gladness be blest.

She waited and watched, through the weary night —
Ever gazed at the outer door.
The shrieking wind with the casements played,
As her tears fell fast to the floor.
White cheek to the pane
Was ever again
Chilled back to a drearer — no more.

No light in the window needed he then.

Eyes were dimmed in the blinding snow.

Close by his loved home, life slumbered away!

Weary steps could no longer go.

In light of the morn,

Love's heart-strings were torn.

He lay there — all still, in the snow!

FOLD THE CURTAIN

Fold the curtain ; closer,— gently.
Hide the garish light away.
Through earth's dimness, gaze intently.
Grief shall shroud the heart to-day.

Mournful hour! With lonely measure,
Tread the silent, shadowed room.
Snowy hands have found their treasure.
Shall there not be always gloom ?

Can the flowers bloom as brightly ?
Or the bird its matin sing ?
Other hearts beat on as lightly,
As if it were alway spring ?

Shall the world's own voicing ever
Breathe of beauty, just the same,
When, from depths of silence, never
Whispers back Love's sainted name ?

Fold the curtain ; closer,— gently.
Hide the garish light away.
Through earth's dimness, gaze intently.
Sadness shrouds my heart to-day.

LOOKING AFAR

Looking afar,
To yonder star?
Why art thou gazing
Ever afar?

Dreaming intent,
Upward are bent
Eyes that aweary
Still are intent.

Sadly apart
Seems thine own heart
From its bright vision?
Drear'ly apart.

Is life a dream?
Seldom a gleam
Piercing its shadow?
Only a dream.

Come thou anear,
Lone one, and dear.
Love whispers gently,
"I am anear."

Out of the night
Cometh the light.
Morn will awaken
Shades of the night.

Dews, though they fall
Heavy, shall all
Pearls of sweet promise
Be, as they fall.

A WISH

I 'll only breathe a blessing — prayer,
That each new morn may bring thee fair
Bright hopes, new joys, fresh beauties rare —
Of each and all a golden share,
As sunbeams gem the crystals there,
Till life shall in its crowning wear
A brow ne'er stamped by passing care.

FOR YOU

Bright advent of the spring,
And bloom of early flowers !
Sweet calling of the birds,
And rainbow after showers !
Rare blossom of the heart,
With tiny speck of blue,
That says, " Forget-me-not " —
A whisper meant for you.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLET

Take this bit of shining gold,
And if it shall add a joy,
As your gladsome days unfold,
Know it would, without alloy,
Whisper peace that 's all untold,
And its fondest art employ.

Let this circlet, bright and pure,
Find a willing home and hand.
Long as mem'ry shall endure,
It would be the golden band
That might highest hopes assure,
In your path through life's fair land.

A ZEPHYR'S BURDEN

From love's mystic shore,
A sweet zephyr bore
Roseate breath — from my Lady's land —
And it seemed that she
Could not distant be,
When that fragrance had touched her hand.

Have you flown, sweet wind,
From my Lady kind,
And ne'er tarried along the way?
O then come most near,
For I long to hear
What my dearest one has to say.

She is fair and true
As the ether's blue
You have brushed in your airy flight,
And I would that I
Might as swiftly fly
To the realm of her beauty bright.

SPRING SONG

The spring is coming back again ;
The fields are growing green ;
And trees to one another wave,
To tell of shade and sheen.

The little flowerets, all, are out
In purple, white, and pink.
Their snowy beds are sunned away —
I wonder what they think !

The birds wing through the balmy air,
And sing their matin lays.
The robin walks so proud about,
In quest of food, he says.

The skies now tint their wondrous blue,
And fleck the growing day.
Bright beauty o'er the earth is spread,
To deck the coming May.

LOVE'S ECHOES

Write to me often, Love, write to me often.
So shall the moments speed quickly along.
Write to me often, Love, write to me often.
Only expression lends sweetness to song.

Think of me often, Love, think of me often.
Thus shall our thoughts be in harmony blest.
Think of me often, Love, think of me often;
Then shall no doubt come, to bring its unrest.

Dream of me often, Love, dream of me often,
When Night is dotting her stars in the sky.
Dream of me often, Love, dream of me often,
Till, in thy waking, thou 'lt know I am nigh.

BROKEN CHORDS

A little hope,
 A greater fear,
A little gleam,
 A shadow near.
A little joy,
 A dewy tear.
A little bloom,
 A leaflet sear.
A little sigh,
 A throbbing here.
A little lisp,
 A silent bier.

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THE CHALICE OF BLUE

A husbandman toiled through the lengthened day,
Aweary with spade, for the robins said
That springtime had come with sunnier ray;
And earth must awake from its darksome tomb,
To bud and blossom, to fragrance and bloom.

With a hearty will and a sturdy hand,
He lifted the earth from its quiet bed,
Yet thinking, the while, of that wonder-land
Where winter ne'er comes with its chilling breath,
To leave us its blight, and what we call — death.

Still musing, he toiled, with beads on his brow
Unheeded, as down in the depths he delved.
Stern winter had passed — think of summer now.
The brown old stems are nobody's care,
And they 'll not question their whither or where.

All tender, he cared for the tiny sprig
That up through the earth was peeping about,
In wonder how soon it would be "so big!"
'T is ever the new that the sun shines on.
Hie the old away — it 's better 't is gone.

In a little heap was the rubbish laid,
With sticks and old roots, and pebbles a store.
And at eventide the dear wife said,
Her garden was sweeter than choicest wine —
Than rosemary's breath, or the eglantine.

Each morn, some fresh green into beauty grew ;
And vines intertwined their blossoms about —
How strange that each flower its own color knew !
Earth's sweet fragrance comes to those who may wait
At the palace hall, or the cottage gate.

At the cool of day, when the sun was set,
The good man and wife in their garden walked,
And tenderly gazed, till the bloom was wet,
From tiniest bud to beauteous flower
That sprang from their care, 'neath sunshine and shower.

But see how he stoops, and with what surprise,
O'er a heap of mold, forgotten and lone.
A Bluebell was looking up to the skies,
And, holding its cup of beautiful hue,
Said, " Good even, sir ! I 've come to see you ! "

Sweet chalice he held, and the dew that fell
Was brimming his eyes, in that calm delight ;
For he saw how oft the heart cannot tell,
When saddened and sear seems life and its love,
Just how it shall find the sunshine above.

That night, as he dreamed, sweet peace, at his side,
Told wiser and well of life's hidden plan.
Far better than he knew his garden guide.
Oft, downward, in gloom, turns our dimmer sight,
While up, ever up, looks the Bluebell bright.

WITH THE VIOLETS

She folded away the baby's clothes,
With thoughts that none save a mother knows.
Baby sleeps 'neath the violet's bed.
The rose has gone from its cheeks, she said.

As she held the robes of snowy white,
With tiny seam in her fingers tight,
The gossamer web of lace, so fine,
Seemed wrought in some fairy intertwine!

Such 'broidery rare had fancy traced,
As visions of love her hope embraced.
Each little stitch was with pleasure set.
Her tears can tell of that longing yet.

The downy bed, with coverlet fair,
Whispered of dreams that had nestled there.
Fond arms fold no more the babe to sleep.
Hands clasp in life's prayer — "My Baby keep!"

HAPLESS AND HOPELESS

Life comes wailing into the world,
Unconscious of its earthly fate,
To live, to die, to helpless wait
Some new life's wailing in the world.

Poor children cry along the street,
Maybe for bread or sheltered way.
They see not sunshine's golden ray,
But cry and cry, along the street.

Long years may weary, as they go,
And strong arm falter in its might.
The wrong may never meet the right,
Through years that weary, as they go.

The yearning heart may never find
Some hope it dreamed of in its bliss.
The world afar seems not of this
To hearts that yearn and never find.

The lips that speak, may never tell
Of silences that count their pain,
As welling tears come back again.
The lips that speak, not all may tell.

The hand still grasps the empty air,
When heaven 's veiled beyond the cloud.
The roses rest upon a shroud,
And hand still grasps the empty air.

O life, that hungers through the world,
And breathes anon the sad, sad sigh —
Must patient wait, to know not why
The heart still hungers through the world.

TRUST NOT

When a love hath grown cold
And wholly estranged,
As the days become old,
And all is so changed,

Doth it seem that the fair
Was charming the while,
Or that beauty could wear
No truth in its smile?

Let the lotus then bloom,
And memory sleep.
Where the heart finds no room,
Oblivion keep.

DRIFTING

She sat within a skiff, anear the shore,
At parting of the day, when shadows rest
Heavily over hill and intervale,
And the last rim of gold falls lowly down,
As somber gray heaps up against the sky.
Unrestful, a sweet presence sought retreat
Beyond the limit of e'en sight or sound
Of that which pains and chills the young life's bloom.
Her head was bent, and arms were folded close,
Ne'er plying oars to speed the way along.
Regardless of all happenings of fate,
She brooded, Sappho-like, in mute despair
O'er joys not deemed her own beneath the stars.
Rich tresses fell, with all their sorrow's weight;
And closer clung, to shield her graceful form.
The pale moon rose and looked upon her face,
As if to catch illumination there,
Wherewith the waters should be silvered o'er,
And dance in shimmers, near her, playfully.
"Tell me, fair daughter of the earthly realm,
Why art thou lonely? Why thy soul's unrest?
Beats not thy heart afresh, each rosy morn,
With all that is most glad beneath the blue?"
As thinnest cloud veiled now and then the path
Of growing brightness, she, with courage, spoke:

“ O sister spirit of the night ! — wilt hear
My secret, ere I may drift thitherward ?
Life hath no charms for me, though few my days !
Earth’s woes are measured not by flight of years.
I hear the waters, wooing, at my feet,
And would fain, noiseless, pass along the tide,
Where stiller beating of life’s saddened heart
Shall rest, secure in its Lethean wave.”
Stars stopped their twinkling, all intent, to hear
Such sighings from a mortal, young and fair,
While Cynthia looked down from heights serene :
“ Fair one ! fresh courage take, and learn of me.
Earth calls me cold, and changeful, day by day ;
Now young, then old, and clad in borrowed light —
The cause of tears, too many, some have said ;
Then, oft, too few, to compass all their ills.
Yet thine own world looks up most eagerly,
When darkness gathers, or grim fears o’ertake.
Each one doth pray me then for kindly gleam.
Thou art not Niobe, to shed her tears.
Stretch thy white hands and take life’s oars again,
Lest untoward fate should overwhelm thee.
Heed thou my gaze, and I will lead thee on
To refuge, where more peaceful waters glide.
Be brave and strong, and in thy spirit’s trust,
A restful calm shall thy pure breast pervade,
And in sweet slumbers thou shalt surely dream
Of bright awakenings in thine own sphere,
Whose radiance shall thy dark nights illumine.”

FLOATING BY

From blush of morn to starry eve,
Dear thoughts of thee the moments weave.
When night, with curtain, veils the sky,
Sweet dreams of thee come floating by.

A MORNING CAROL

The breath of morn is sweet, Love,
The air is soft and still ;
Nature 's only dreaming, Love ;
Not yet its pulses thrill !

Birds e'en now are singing, Love,
They 're blither far than we ;
They 're telling all the world, Love,
How glad it ought to be.

Rosy clouds are breaking, Love,
The gold is peeping through ;
Rainbow hues are blending, Love ;
The flowers are pearled with dew.

Sunbeams kiss them open, Love,
And set things all aglow.
They bloom — we cannot tell, Love,
What is — was always so.

Sleep and dreams are over, Love,
The sun has waked the day ;
Earth is up ! Good morning, Love,
Hast heard my matin lay ?

HIS EYES

Shall I tell, and not beware ?
Will the woods and waters care,
As they whisper everywhere,
Love's own echo ? They are fair.

Can you guess ?
I 'll answer back ;
No, they 're not
Of sparkling black.

Do you really want to know ?
Would you hear it, soft and low ?
Secrets ever should be so,
Else they would a-roaming go.

Can you look
O'er streamlet down ?
Verily,
They are not brown.

Ask the bird of summer's day,
When it soars so far away,
Singing e'er its roundelay,
Sometime sad and sometime gay.

Know you now ?
I still may say,
Never seem
They cold and gray.

Look aloft, as far as skies
Charm thee with their sweet surprise.
Have you seen, in tender guise,
Light and love that never dies?
Eyes that speak —
All real and true?
Listen! His —
May — must be, blue!

FADING IN THE TWILIGHT

Come, sit with me, dear Mother,
The twilight seems so gray.
Earth's sunlight passed in shadow,
And sank adown the day.
No brightness, on the morrow,
Shall tint its heavens blue.
Come, sit with me, dear Mother,
I long for only you.

Come, speak with me, fond Mother,
And tell me of your love,
When, long ago, you cradled
A little nestling "dove."
That voice has all the music
That charmed mine eyes to sleep.
Then speak with me, fond Mother;
Love's vision we will keep.

Come, kiss me, own sweet Mother,
Upon my lips and brow.
Divine ! that holy impress;
It cannot leave me, now.
I feel so chill, and strangely —
Life's dew's are falling fast.
O, kiss me, own sweet Mother —
An angel's flitting past !

Ay, fold me close, my Mother,
 Within your arms, to-night;
And look beyond the shadows.
 I 'm going,— in the light —
I 'll be your own heart-angel,
 Through all the coming day.
So fold me close, my Mother —
 Your love has shown the way.

CRUSHED FRAGRANCE

It cannot be ! — of one so fair,
In youth, and beauty's form so rare,
Midst roseate life of happy days,
Made doubly dear a thousand ways,
 That they have said,
The eyes that beamed so gently bright
Shall wake no more the morning light,
Or lips that parted but to bless
Meet nevermore their fond caress,
 And — she is dead !

Oh ! can it be that voice is still,
That felt its own melodious thrill,
And sang its sweetness, till the air
Seemed filled with its own rapture there ?
 Across her breast
As snowy hands so restful lay,
Could those who loved her learn to say,
With fragrance crushed beside the bier,
When silence wept its saddest tear,
 That " it was best " ?

Yet it must be, and while we miss
The life that made so much of this,
Earth's sunlight and its shadows meet
To make our lives the more complete.

Beyond the pain
Of parted hopes, and soul's unrest,
Love's angel may be still our guest,
And sweetly waft through calmer skies
The soft refrain from Paradise —
She lives again !

GEM CLEMATIS

Climbing and clinging all of the way,
Budding and blooming through the bright day,
Fairest Clematis, type of a star!
Do you once know how lovely you are?

Blossoming first in delicate tint,
Scarce bearing color, for in the glint
Of brightest sunlight, paler you grow,
As if you came from realms of the snow.

Out of the storms and the winter's cold,
Dream of the dark days, out of the mold,
Come you, a thought just dropped from the sky,
Ever as gleam of summer is nigh.

Dews of the morning find your white face
Beaming with beauty's bounteous grace.
"Gem" of the garden, starring the vine,
Would you the roses seek to outshine?

WHISPER THIS

While sitting at the window, thinking
How the days had come and gone,
There came a little birdie peeping
To me there, while all alone.
While all alone.

Now prithee, little chirper, tell me,
Shall I tidings get, to-day?
Come closer, Sweet, I will not harm thee,
Whisper this, then fly away.
Then fly away.

WAIL FROM THE NORTH

(After hearing Kennan's Lectures)

O Russia! Thou land of a mighty name —
Thy vastness, its pride, its glory and fame.
So saintly thy shrine, and thy gilded dome;
And royal the wealth of thy palace home.

The light of thy North doth signal a woe.
As scarlet, thy sins, o'er thy depths of snow.
A stain hath thy brow, so stamped with disgrace,
That nations would see averted thy face.

Humanity cries aloud, in the night,
Unheeded, though strong thine arm in its might.
Thy hand is accursed, while Freedom is slain,
And fettered its right, throughout thy domain.

Thy purple is doomed; and mantle may fall
Again and again, through thy regal hall.
No minaret's height, nor serf, shields thy head,
While Liberty sleeps and Justice is dead.

O haste to atone for wrongs thou hast done.
They count as the stars, and glare as the sun.
Thy vassals are crushed and maddened by fears.
Some dawn must avenge the night of their tears.

Siberia's wail shall sweep every wind!
Each grave doth appall, an echo to find.
Storm-billows shall break on thy restless shore,
Till Freedom shall be an exile no more.

ON AND EVER

Niagara! Great Niagara!
What lisp shall swell thy fame,
Thou "Thunder of the Waters!"
The red man's fittest name,
Since fairest of his daughters
Was sped in "white canoe,"
With votive gifts, as tribute
To the "Great Spirit" true.

Along through all the ages,
Shall tired heart's unrest
Still madly hush its murmur,
Adown thine emerald crest?
Art luring in thy grandeur?
And dost thou beckon where
Mysterious depths are whirling —
To cold and dark despair.

I 've stood beneath thy falling,
And gazed up in thy face,
Until the cloudlands, meeting,
Filled intervening space.
Still on and on, and ever,
To wonder-weary eyes,
Thy mighty torrent, foaming,
Seemed pouring from the skies.

I know not if in sunlight
And rainbow of the spray,
From height, or depth, thy tumult
More wondrous speeds the way.
Or whether, 'yond the sunset,
As shadows weirdly steal,
Thy voice, amid the darkness,
Sounds more a cannon's peal.

At eventide, I left thee —
Thy rapids, whirl and roar,
When softly gleamed the moonlight
That silvered either shore.
In snowy billows peaceful,
The mist rose in the air,
And veiled thy brow majestic,
While dream-light lingered there.

A SUMMER REFRAIN

Under the trees by the water, Love,
Whispers a long-ago.
Dews, o'er the past, have been falling, Love.
Drifted, the winter's snow,
Since visions so bright
Knew only the light,
Dreaming but dreams below.

Under the trees by the water, Love —
Sing me the song again.
How it was meant we should wander, Love,
This side the wide domain
Of the starry skies,
Where the moonbeams rise.
List to that soft refrain.

Under the trees by the water, Love,
Wooed by the summer shade :
Rustlings were busy whispering, Love.
Sunbeams with fancy played.
How the ripples grew
Into circles true,
Dancing along the glade.

Under the trees by the water, Love,
Close by floweret and fern ;
May we not through all the vista, Love,
Beauty of shadows learn ?
 Though sorrow be sad,
 The sunshine is glad.
Upward our eyes shall turn.

Under the trees by the water, Love.
Have we their meaning guessed ?
Leaves that once sighed, when cold blasts blew,
 Love,
Now are gathered and pressed.
 As the waters glide,
 We will, side by side,
Near life's haven of rest.

THE TWO ALTARS

A beautiful maiden stood as a bride,
With her chosen one, all hope, at her side.
Her altar of love was a perfumed bower,
Where vine intertwined with blossom and flower.

Deep music had swelled to cathedral dome,
As the organ spoke from its golden home,
And the festal hour was as bright and fair
As e'er sun shone on, while the happy pair

Were greeted anon by the joyous crowd,
And honors were paid by the fond and proud.
With trains and rich gems, gay carriages rolled,
Till one could not tell the half to be told.

No eye held a tear, save that known so well
For gazing intent, as mothers can tell,
When pageant is o'er, and moment has come
To say — "Fare thee well, in thy new love's home."

Short months have gone by, and the bells — they toll,
And the slow wheels roll, and they roll — and roll.
The beautiful one, in her youth and bloom,
Has come back — to rest in a snowy tomb!

The funeral dirge and the wedding strain
Are not far apart, in the world's refrain.
'The flowers are there. Sweet perfumes, the same.
But she — does not speak, though *he* calls her name.

The proudest to serve on the wedding day,
Are bearing, in gloom, her whiteness away ;
Most solemn, they tread, and saddening sighs
Tell deeply of woe, when the grave replies.

O tears! Ye must weep o'er the early dead,
With the dews that fall on the roses' bed.
So ruthless the blast, when the heart 's alone !
And the night winds sigh, and they moan — and moan

A FAVORITE

What flower, think you, seems the best
 Along the garden way ?
Instinctively, the rose stands test.
 What shall I truthful say ?
 Sweet Heliotrope.

All flowers are of beauty born.
 Some perfumes, sweet and rare.
No blossom springs from earth, forlorn ;
 Yet what claims gentle care ?
 Sweet Heliotrope.

So delicate its tiny mold,
 In tints of purple hue.
Most lavishly its charms unfold ;
 And what so dainty, too ?
 Sweet Heliotrope.

Frail flower! it feels the chilling touch
 Of winds that rudely blow.—
Its fragrance seems most perfect. Such
 Would my heart's garden grow.
 Sweet Heliotrope.

MARGERY

Who knows Margery ?
Where does she stay ?
Born of the sunbeams,
Flitting as they ?
Is she a fairy ?
Seems she a queen,
Decked in all golden
Garments and sheen ?

O no, Margery
Is none of these ;
She 's more a wonder.
Guess, if you please.
Should you then find her
All that I say,
You 'll know how truly
Love 's led the way.

On her soft pillow,
Nestled in white !
Peeping through dreamland,
Into the light !
How wee the dimples,
Denting so sweet,
Wooring fond kisses,
Roses to meet.

Tiny, the fingers ;
Tight, in their grasp,
As if some wondrous
World they would clasp !
Earth's brightest sunbeam,
'Neath all its blue !
Margery 's telling
It all to you.

THE FACE OF CRAGS

("*The Profile*")

Into the distance, ever,
Looketh the strange "stone face,"
Through gleam or shadow, never
Turned from its eyrie-place.

More wondrous seems its molding,
By nature's hidden hand,
Than mortal pride's unfolding —
The Sphinx of Eastern land!

What seest thou, in gazing
So steadfastly afar?
Still further heights amazing?
Canst count another star?

Dost lave in dew's of heaven?
Or trace Aurora's speed?
When flash the storm-clouds riven,
Dost rolling thunder heed?

Art fearless, through earth's frowning,
And placid, in thy seat,
As when the gold is crowning
The lakelet at thy feet?

Hearest the blast, as lightly
As carols of the morn ?
When shadows veil thee, nightly,
Seems not thy grimness lorn ?

Does icy finger's coldness
Not chill thy furrowed brow ?
Defined in cragged boldness,
Wilt ever be as now ?

Hast thou no voice for telling,
All human in thy guise,
How long, from lofty dwelling,
Thy face has scanned the skies ?

Thou 'rt silent, and no burning
Emotion quickens thee,
Nor shalt thou ever, turning,
Voice thine own mystery !

White Mountains.

ALL THE WHILE

Seasons come and seasons go,
All the while,
And we wonder how 't is so,
All the while.

Flowers bloom and dewdrops glisten,
In the morning's rosy light.
To life's merry song we listen,
While its hours are golden bright.

Childhood's cup is full of glee,
All the while.

Youth sails over placid sea,
All the while.

Gaily as a maiden's tresses
Toss themselves to sportive wind,
Summer dreams of love's caresses —
Every cloudlet silver-lined.

Years may drift the winter's snow,
All the while.

Fragrance may be buried low,
All the while.

Footprints of the past are telling
Of the distance we have run ;
Thoughts, aweary, oft are dwelling
O'er regretful days begun.

Life's long living grows more lone,

 All the while —

Breathing deeper undertone,

 All the while.

Thitherward are faces tending,

 In the twilight's grayer day,

Sunlight and the shadows blending

 Traceries of far-away.

When they say we 're growing old,

 All the while,

And we closer mantle fold,

 All the while,

It must be that we are nearer

 Something of immortal gain ;

And the vision will be clearer,

 As life's barque shall cross the main.

ASPHODELS

I dreamed — a bud, most beautiful,
Was in my garden placed.
It was my care to treasure it
And see, unfolding, traced
A form so rare,
In tints as fair
As ever fancy graced.

I watched its pearls of dew, at morn,
And saw them pass away.
I hid it from the summer sun,
Through fear of noon's bright ray,
And saw expand,
Beneath my hand,
Its beauty, day by day.

It bloomed. How proud I was to see
The prize I loved so well!
I sought to take it from its stem —
O pain! I cannot tell —
The rueful sight!
That touch was blight.
So died my Asphodel.

.

I dreamed again — this time more real.

I see the vision yet —

A darling one — my precious child !

Its life my hope had met.

The days that grew

So fondly true,

No time shall e'er forget.

The flowers kissed two lips, so sweet,

And left them rosy red.

The morning peeped, with heaven's blue,

Into a fairy bed,

And left its light

In eyes so bright,

Love knew of all they said !

My life was all a happy one,

Sweet presence at my side,

Till cruel fate,— O destiny !

Its ruin did betide.

Sad tears may weep

In dream and sleep.

My darling one — had died.

WHITHER

Whither, O whither, my beautiful one,
Hast thou gone, in the dimness of night, far away ?
Whither, O whither, 'yond realms of the sun,
Can I find thee, or see thee, or know thee alway ?
Angels, they tell me,
Ever enfold thee —
O, but the mystery 's never undone !

Whither, O whither, bright star of my life ?
Darts a gleam of thy guidance, the dark way along ?
Whither, O whither. Through all of earth's strife,
Where its brightness, its gladness, its sweetness of song ?
Say they that spoken
Word comes as token ?
Ah, but earth's ear is with doubt ever rife.

Whither, O whither, own one of my heart ?
Knowest not that thy passing a shadow o'ercast ?
Whither, O whither — of heaven a part !
Thou canst not be dreaming, as a shade of the past.
In thy sweet living,
Radiance giving,
Love shall enshrine thee — wherever thou art.

MERRY MAY

Happy childhood, at its play,
Deems all life a merry May.

Singing, as the day is long,
Love's own measure of its song.

Fair as roses, bloom its cheeks ;
Brimming joy in laughter speaks !

Little hands that mischief make,
Lavish love for their own sake.

Footsteps, tripping as they go,
Fairy places always know —

Resting only when the night
Hides them snugly out of sight,

Till the breaking of the morn
Wakes a dream-life, newly born,

That beneath its sunny skies
Finds, each day, a paradise.

Innocence, of mirthful glee,
Chase the butterflies that be !

Sip the sweets of honeyed dew ;
Floweret cups were made for you.

Happy childhood ! keep your play,
And your life, its merry May.

UNTIMELY SHADOWS

A little newsboy sped his way,
From car to car, one summer's day,
And guarded well the freight he bore
Of papers pressed, the usual store.

Why should this one more noticed be
Than myriads we often see?
A city full of urchins! each
Exposed to ills we scarce can reach.

Yet, he was still so very young
To run life's hurried ways among!
Not more than grown to boy's attire,
Were we to of the years inquire.

His burden seemed a weight of care —
Too much for little arms to bear;
And pathos marked a gentle voice,
As never method of his choice.

An untold sadness in his face
Betokened an untimely trace
And lustrous eyes, with timid gaze,
Looked far away in their amaze.

Had old age masked a baby brow ?
It seemed a phantom then, as now !
What was that restless life and lot ?
Was sunshine's promise all forgot ?

He vanished in the crowd — ah, when
May that child-face be seen again ?
Whither his steps, and who may know
The depth or lasting of his woe ?

It seems as if there 's something wrong,
When dolorous is childhood's song.
Do we who sit with cushioned ease
The hunger of such souls appease ?

Only a waif ! The story 's old.
Fortune can smile, though want is cold.
While lavish perfume scents the earth,
The cypress waves o'er blighted birth.

SILENCES

Wherefore our being ? Whence did we come ?
Not at our bidding, found we earth's home !
Where are we going, when life shall keep
Nearing the silence — voiceless and deep ?

Why are we loving, fondly and true ?
Why are we gazing into the blue ?
Why, in our rapture, gleams there a sky,
When every heart-beat throbs but to die ?

Why are hopes riven, once all so bright ?
Why are hearts breaking, out in the night ?
Why are we finding pathways that bloom,
When e'en the rose-leaf tears shall entomb ?

There must be, somewhere, when toils are o'er,
Some life that wakens heaven the more —
Where souls that anguished, in their unrest,
Shall find an Eden's haven of rest.

BENEATH THE PALMS

His life is rounded with a sleep,
At sunset's golden day,
And years have gathered up the scroll
That notes an honored way.

As gently as eve's shadows fall,
Let sighs bestir the air.
The graceful palms anear him wave,
And bend as if in prayer.

No somber fold of death's dark mien
Would shroud the silent room.
Let flowers their sweet fragrance breathe,
To tell of brighter bloom.

DAY BY DAY

Long and weary,
Sad and dreary,
Seems the toiling day by day,
And the measure
Of earth's pleasure
Finds its course through shadowed way.

Life's sweet dreaming
Is but seeming; —
Often clouded with regret;
And we 're mainly
Striving vainly
For the goal that 's seldom met.

Gleams are waning,
Eyes are straining
For some purpose high and vast.
Hopes belated,
Moments fated
Tell us that the die is cast.

FROM THE WINDOW

Gathering sticks and bundles of wood,
Trudging along on a wintry day,
Scantily clad, and in careless mood,
Passed an unknown one, over the way.

Whither her steps? Up some lonely stair?
Or, maybe, down where the sun shines not.
Friendless and lorn, perhaps she bides where
Gruesome shadows are never forgot.

Burdens of life seem heavy, the more,
Tossed here and there by merciless fate!
Sometime, hands may not gather their store,
And earth's last spark may kindle too late.

Of the world's wending, little we know,
Gazing full oft from the silken side.
Strangely, lone footsteps come, and they go
Wandering on, as the paths divide.

AFTER ALL !

Gold, gold,
Striving for gold.
Life is not worth it,
If truth were told.

Gain, gain,
Ever to gain,
Men hoard up riches,
And still complain.

Greed, greed,
Merciless greed,
Coffers of plenty,
Others in need.

Gold, gold,
Strive not for gold.
Wealth is but worthless,
If heart be cold.

EXOTICS

As hothouse plants, full many mortals thrive,
Nor dream of sometime waking side by side
With those of lesser tending. Still the touch
Of ruder hand, or blight of chilling breath,
May scatter many leaves, and nip the bud
Of sweetest promise that has heretofore
Known nothing save the beauty of its bloom.
In sunlight's warmth, and rare companionship,
Light heart knows but the measure of its ease.
When we have truly learned to stand alone,
And brave the storms that fate or mercy sends,
Then shall we gaze aloft, in surer trust,
To find the heaven's blue above us still.
As morning drops her crystal on the flower,
So shall the tear of sympathy bedew,
With kindliness, some lone one by the way.
In cheering such, we shall ourselves be blessed.

BLIGHTED BLOOM

Upon a snow-white pillow,
We laid Irene to rest.
We clasped her slender fingers
Across her quiet breast.
We brought the whitest robing
To fold that form so fair,
And culled the sweetest flowers
To breathe their fragrance there.

We kissed her marble forehead,
We smoothed her flowing hair,
And wondered if she knew us,
While she was resting there.
So still she seemed, while sleeping!
The air, e'en, scarce did stir,
For very space was breathing
With thought of only her.

Adown the silken lashes,
As curtains of the night,
We pressed the tender eyelids
Which hid from us the light.
We shed the purest tear-drop
Upon her lovely cheek —
Maybe she knew the meaning,
E'en though she did not speak.

Then whisper, whisper gently,
As if the angels heard.
Perhaps, if we but listen,
We 'd catch love's faintest word.
How can it be that, near us,
She seems so far away.
Oh, how can so much brightness
Pass to some dim away !

WAITING, WEEPING

Sadly thinking, waiting, weeping,
In the shadows that seem creeping —
Is this life e'er worth the keeping?
After nights of weary sleeping,
Shall I ever see the reaping?
Sadly thinking — waiting — weeping.

ONE UNCERTAIN DAY

I knew a blithesome maiden fair,
With sparkling eyes and golden hair.
Her cheeks could woo the kisses, where
Twin roses met such dimples rare,—
This blithesome maiden was so fair.

Her voice was merry, and as free
As singing bird in topmost tree,
That carols, in this life to be,
Where all is glad and fair to see,—
This merry maiden was as free.

Her little footsteps were as light,
As if some fairy-treading sprite
Had come in twinkles of the night
And left its dainty impress bright,
For little maiden's step so light.

This little maiden, full of glee,
Grew to an older maiden be!
Sometimes she quite forgot the knee
She 'd clambered oft, so eagerly,
When little maid was full of glee.

This lovely maiden was so shy!
How should I know the reason why?
She surely could not know a sigh
That breathed of any by and by,
This lovely maiden, all so shy.

I asked her, one uncertain day,
To cull with *me* the bloom of May.
Would heart not tell me what to say?
Or how attune my pensive lay?
I asked her, that uncertain day.

Between the roses, white and red —
“ I ’m sorry, dear kind sir,” she said,
“ I ’ve promised — to another wed.”
Oh! direful judgment on my head!
No other maid has me misled.

VOILÀ TOUT

'T is vain to sigh for what is not ;
If this were that, or that were this.
What is, must be, and that 's our lot,
In depth of woe, or cup of bliss.

Had that not been, this would not be —
The smile, the tear of joy or pain.
'The past, the future could not see.
Each day's own now is loss or gain.

THE CLOISTER'S SECRET

Gladsoinely, fond youth and maiden
Trode the roseate paths of yore,
As if earth were only laden
With the perfume that it bore,
Mid the whiling
Hours, beguiling
Hopes as high as pinions soar.

Eyes, enraptured in their glancing,
Knew of only blue above.
Glint, so bright, all life entrancing,
Sparkled o'er the sea of love.
Could the seeming
Of such gleaming
Ever rueful shadow prove ?

He and she — the old, old story —
Met amid the summer's bloom.
Yet grim Winter, stern and hoary,
Wrapt in mantle of his gloom,
Found love sleeping,
Never keeping
Watch of fate's most cruel doom.

He and she. Their paths divided.
Blooms no rose without a thorn?
Hopes were crushed, and blight betided,
In the blushing of life's morn.
Hours of sadness
Knew no gladness,
And each way was dark and lorn.

She — regretful, pensive, sighing,
Peering through the twilight gray,
Heard the cloister's deep replying,
“Come, sweet sister spirit, stay.”
Heaven surely
Was as purely
His and hers, through sainted way.

He — had wandered, ne'er forgetting
Aught that marked the blissful past,
From the sunrise to the setting,
Tracing joys that could not last.
Would she never,
In some ever,
Tell him of the changeful past?

Years grew long, and sad, and weary,
Though the din of life was great.
Tristful heart was never cheery;
Nor could break the bonds of fate.
In the wistful
Eve and listful,
With his grief, he silent sate.

Lo! some vesper bell had faintly
Caught his ear, from far away.
He, with calmer step, and saintly,
Followed where the lonely pray.
 May be living
 Was in giving
Up its hope of radiant day.

'Neath that lofty arch and ceiling,
 Semblance of the higher skies,
Reverent, in lowly kneeling,
 He would see with clearer eyes.
 Still, his praying
 Was in saying,
"Give me back my paradise."

As from out the heavens, sounded
 Voice, so sweet, angelic, low.
Hark! Enthrilled, his life rebounded —
 Was it? Could it? — Be it so!
 She was singing! —
 Sadly bringing
All the memory of woe.

He and she — Oh! world-wide telling
 Of the dews that heavy fall,
When the founts of life are welling,
 And the past knows no recall.
 In our hoping,
 We are groping
Where the darkness covers all.

A SIMILITUDE

Mamma, what does Birdie say,
When he talks to me at play ?

When I build my houses high,
He begins to chirp and fly.

When I 'm quiet, why does he
Not behave, and quiet be ?

Often he begins to sing
All so loud as everything !

Then he wakes the baby, too,
And that, Mamma, bothers you.

See, he sits, and peeps and peeps,
Just as if he never sleeps.

When he eats, he drops his food,
As you think I never should.

Then he spatters with his feet,
And you say that is n't neat.

Ah, my darling — Mamma thinks,
All the little thoughts and blinks,

Somehow, Birdie understands,
While he watches little hands.

When he chirrup, so do you ;
When you whisper, he does too ;

And both twitter, just the same,
Call each one by either name ;

So no one can really say
Which talks most, the livelong day.

Mamma has not answered quite,
But to dreamland folds you tight.

AN ARRIVAL

A little heap of Quaker gray,
Within a basket laid,
Came through the storm, a wintry day,
And scarcely "mew" it said.

It rested in a corner dark,
And claimed our gentle care.
Most eagerly we 'd bend to hark
If it were purring there.

He 's grown, and is as soft as silk —
His thick coat full of sheen.
He laps the cream of any milk,
Not slighting meat, I ween.

He mounts a vacant dining-chair,
At ding-dong of the bell,
And lets us know that *he* is there,
For all things good, as well.

That he is handsome, none deny,
As proud he sits at ease.
With bells a-jingle, he says, "Why
Don't you look this way, please?"

He 's sensitive to every tone,
And no rude treatment bears.
If saddened, he goes off alone,
And sighs below the stairs.

The other day he caught a mouse,
And lugged it round to show
That he was monarch of the house,
And mousy could not go.

'T is " Malta " this, and " Malta " that —
He answers faintest call.
We would not lose our Maltese cat
For anything at all !

THE ROSE IMPEARLED

"Somebody's tears are on the rose,"
A little maiden said,
When she had tripped, at early morn,
Anear her rose's bed.

She plucked it with her small white hand,
And shook the tears away ;
She did not want her rose "to weep,"
Then ran to sunny play.

The mother, turning, whispered low,
"O, dewdrops of the morn,
As gently rest at mem'ry's shrine,
As on this rosebud born."

.

Another rose of wondrous tint,
With fragrance sweet and rare,
By gallant hand, with pride was borne
To grace a maiden fair.

She stood in beauty's own array,
At noonday's tide of glee,
And weaved life's web of brightest hope
With rainbowed ecstasy.

The evening shadows came and went
Amid the silent dews.
An angel through love's garden walked
The sweetest rose to choose.

He culled the pride of all the rest,
And bore it in his hands.
"This one will more divinely bloom,"
He said, "in purer lands."

The mother looked above and saw
A gleam of silvered air.
Around her seemed a perfumed breath —
An angel had been there !

Earth's dews have fallen heavy, since
That prophecy of morn.
A *mother's* tears are on the rose.
Her rose is heaven-born.

THE SIREN'S SONG

So sweetly sad the siren sang
The music of the deep,
That mariner, who rode the wave,
Could scarce his vigil keep.

As melody from golden harp
It fell upon his ear —
With voice attuned to silver string,
Enchanting, low and clear.

Wilt come with me, fair mariner,
To other home than thine ?
The southern sky is o'er thy head ;
Yet wonders vast are mine.

I 'll show thee where bright jewels lie,
And wealth not bought with gold ;
Rare pearls, that rest in rainbowed bed,—
Such treasures I 'll unfold.

Thou needst not fear the crystal drops,
I 'll part them with my hand.
Thy willing feet shall tread the maze
Of mystic wonder-land.

Come with me, noble mariner,
Thy life shall be as free!
I 'll soothe thee with sweet lullabies,
Adown the mermaid's sea.

.

A ship lies shrouded in the mist.
No mariner is there!
The siren's song allured the brave,
And phantom fills the air!

HEIGHT OR DEPTH?

Some may think the sea
Can more gladsome be,
With its vision far and wide,
And they love to lave
In the sparkling wave,
Or to watch the flowing tide.

But to me, the sight
Of a mountain height,
Reaching upward to the blue,
Is a surer climb
To the thought sublime,
And a vista ever new.

The great ocean's swell
Sounds a passing knell,
From the unseen depths below;
And the white sea-gull
Has no voice to lull,
Winging restless to and fro.

The echoing woods
Bring more peaceful moods,
And the cloudland, sweet surprise.
O, I love far more
Than the deep sea's roar,
Some home of the edelweiss.

SMILES AND TEARS

Hope dreamed of flight on airy wings
Through skies of rosy tinting.
It woke to find that earthly things
Were of their own imprinting.

A streamlet dancing on its way
Looked up to heaven's glowing.
A rushing torrent held its sway,
And drowned each crystal flowing.

Bright flowers bloomed as if they knew
No other end than being.
Fair blossoms faded as they grew,
And eyes were dimmed in seeing.

Soft music breathed its sweetest strain,
The soul with rapture swelling.
Those chords were not attuned again,
No voice was left for telling.

Glad smiles played o'er a sunny face
Where radiance was beaming.
A shadow passed and left its trace,
And joy was all a seeming.

A hand was warm in tender clasp,
As if love's peace was lasting.
Fate held it in a colder grasp,
And made life's stern contrasting.

WHEN WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN

'T is said that when we 've laid our burden down,
In that deep rest that shields, or gains a crown,
Albeit years have scored the dial's face,
And faltering step betokened weary pace,
We shall be young again !

That though the form is bent with weight of care,
And heart is seared by all it learned to bear,
Through stern decree of nature's errant will,
All shall be changed, and, with pulsating thrill,
We shall be whole again.

If mortal eye hath not known vision here,
And scenes most beautiful have not been clear,
If tongue could never all its language tell,
Nor ear hath been attuned to music's swell,
We shall be born again.

If this be so, the many ills of life,
Decrepitude, and mortal pain and strife,
Shall find a true elixir, and at last
Some recompense for an ungracious past,
When we shall live again.

A TRUANT OF THE SKY

A little cloud went floating by,
 In upper air,
As if 't were roaming in the sky,
 It knew not where.

So luminous, it rolled and rolled,
 Amid the blue,
Like softest bed of fleecy mold,
 All through and through.

As, silver-rimmed, the tufted heap
 Was ranging fast,
The stern old storm-king rose from sleep,
 And blew it past.

Deep grayness gathered 'long the way,
 With rapid pace,
Till little truant, all astray,
 Wore troubled face,

And fell to weeping o'er the earth,
 With many fears
For having left its higher birth
 To know but tears.

Yet, mortal craved the grateful boon,
 Drawn gently nigh,
And never grieved that it so soon
 Had left the sky.

SUMMER RAIN

Gently falls the summer rain,
Trickling down the window-pane.

Cooling founts from upper air,
Dripping, dropping, everywhere.

Grateful tears to drooping leaves.—
Gurgling close along the eaves.

Patter, patter, overhead,
As if nearing slumber-bed.

Drip-drop, doth the measure keep,
Till the charmèd ear 's asleep.

Come amid those dreams again,
Peaceful, soothing, summer rain.

THE "CRYSTAL" DAY

Dost know, dear heart, how many years
Since we set sail together,
To trust the smile, to brave the frown,
Of every wind and weather?

E'en though life's barque be tempest-tossed,
Hope's pennant still is flying,
And love shall find its safest port
Beyond the sad sea's sighing.

Then, as we wave the years away,
Let mem'ries grow the dearer,
And, through the "crystal" of "fifteen,"
Some day-dream may be clearer.

OVER THE BAR

There 's a harbor of rest,
Just over the bar,
Where the breezes can waft
From mountains, afar,
A sweet kiss to the wave,
In seeming delight,
Which the ocean returns
With all of its might.

Strangest isle of the sea !
With cold, rocky shore,
Where the wild waters dash
With thundering roar !
Great forests, while swaying,
Beguilingly say,
They 're rivals in splendor
Of ocean and bay.

The pine of the north land,
So stately and tall,
Dispensing its perfume,
Seems monarch of all.
Bright hues of the hillside
And deep shadows meet,
While shimmering lakelet
Spreads out at their feet.

Lavish nature extends
Her bounteous hand,
And scatters her jewels
O'er sea as on land.
With rare intermingling,
Bright visions appear,
From glory of ocean
To heights proud and sear.

Bar Harbor.

“MAN MADE THE TOWN”

It 's a pity,
That the city
Should grow too great to have a care
For its beauty,
Well as duty
To strew its blossoms here and there.

How appalling
Seems its walling
Of brick and mortar — stories high ! —
Their abiding
Often hiding
All thought of blue in any sky.

Then the glamour
And the clamor,
Midst ceaseless din of wheel and whirl,
Make the busy
Brain grow dizzy,
While every life-spring is astir.

Through what bustle,
Shrug, and hustle,
Each one is crowding 'long the way,
Till the flurry
Of such hurry
Knows but a moment as life's stay.

ASK THE ROSES

Ask the breezes why they blow,
Or the song birds why they sing.
Ask the flowers why they bloom,
And the roses, why they fling
Perfume in the lap of June,
Sweeter than the early spring.
Ask them why they tint so fair —
Have they answered anything?

Ask the daisies how they know
Where to spread their carpet white;
Or the lily, why it 's made
Pure, as if from realms of light.
Ask the glee of early days
Why its dancing eyes are bright.
Ask the brooklet why it runs.
Has it, laughing, told aright?

Ask the sunbeams why they play;
Or the sky, why it is blue.
Do the stars know why they shine?
Or the moon, why pale its hue?
Ask all greater things, and small,
How each knows its being true.
Ask my heart why beats it so —
Knows my love why it loves you?

EVENSONG

Great Spirit! that is over all,
And all life breathes of thee,
To nature's God, at nature's shrine,
Thy children bend the knee.

Thy temples are the lasting hills,
Thy voice, the forest's chime.
Our prayers would be as evening sighs —
Sweet memories of time.

The dews that ever silent fall,
And glow that gilds the day,
The myriad gleams that track the sky —
All learn from thee the way.

We know that 'side the light of joy
May rest a shadow's care —
Teach us the sanctity of each.
Great Spirit! hear our prayer.

HASTE TO OPEN THE DOOR

When a lone one has wandered along earth's highway,
And the heart has grown weary, through fear and dismay,
When the burden of sorrow seems heavy to bear,
And faint hand on the latch doth rest tremblingly there,
Haste to open the door.

When the fair eyes are dimming with gazing too much
For some hope that has vanished, when nearest the touch,
When quick tears, in their falling, have whitened the cheek,
And deep throbs beat afresh, that would sympathy seek,
Haste to open the door.

When the little ones know naught but blight in their bloom,
Where kind love and life's fragrance have never found
room,
When the sunlight is clouded with shadow and pain,
And the voicing of childhood learns saddest refrain,
Haste to open the door.

When frail mother is striving, with love in her arms,
To be brave amidst want and this wide world's alarms,
When grim hunger is stealing the babe from her breast,
And the cold hand of death would fain still it to rest,
Haste to open the door.

When long years shall have numbered their full earthly
score,
And regretfully whisper from memory's shore,
When rude storms, in their passing, have furrowed the
brow,
And life seems but a little while longer than now,
Haste to open the door.

When stern fate seems against us, e'en do what we may,
And, through toiling and struggling, we clamber alway,
Let us hold to each other a true helping hand,
And with love's sweet compassion, in this stranger land,
Haste to open the door.

IF THE SHADOWS WERE TO FALL

Dearest, when the lamps are dim,
And the embers burning low,
When the silence seems so still,
Will it deeper, deeper grow —
When you find I am not there ?

When anear, and yet afar,
You shall gaze with earnest eyes,
Just to see an empty chair,
Will a thousand mem'ries rise —
When you know I am not there ?

When, within our quiet room,
Music breathes a minor tone,
Will you think of hands that moved
Gaily, or to plaintive moan —
When you see I am not there ?

When perhaps no musings come
In the old familiar way,
As an echo of love's song,
Will more lonely seem the day —
When you feel I am not there ?

You would not so mind it, dear,
If the shadows were to fall ;
Firmer trust would be your own.
I could never bear to call,
And not hear an answer there.

WHILE I STAY

When in silence I shall lie,
With the perfumes closely by,
Let the voice of melody
Waft its sweetness over me.

Sing sweet music while I stay
In the dim and shadowed way.
It might prove the hidden key
To a higher minstrelsy.

May be, I might even hear,
As some gentle strain draws near,
And, though silent, resting there,
Catch the soul-inspiring air.

Words are often cold and vain
To the heart's own sweet refrain.
Love would find a truer guise
'Long its pathway to the skies.

TRUE BLUE

Just a little bit of blue!
Looking up in softest hue,
As if it had touched the sky,
When the mists had floated by.

Not in wildwood paths of bloom,
Nor on heights, does it find room.
Yet, with shade and sunshine's care,
It will blossom anywhere.

Lovers prize it, when they woo,
And the maidens, justly, too,
When they would a language bear,
Other than the charms they wear.

Tender floweret of the heart! —
With fidelity, has part.
If, by chance, you have forgot,
It will say — “Forget-me-not.”

AFTER PARTING

My Love has sailed away, away,
Across the briny deep,
And long and lonely grows the day,
While I so sadly weep.
He says that he 'll come back again,
With laurels on his brow.
O, what if promise should be vain !
I could not bear it now.

He tells me that beyond the wave
Still greater treasures lie,
And pearls of priceless beauty lave,
'Neath tints of eastern sky.
Perhaps the charm of distant lands
Rests not in fantasy ;
Yet other hearts and other hands
Cannot the dearer be.

I 'll sit me down, and quiet wait,
When duty's task is done,
To watch beside the lattice gate
Till sands have duly run.
And when, beneath love's evening star,
He whispers, just the same,
I 'll bless the pathway of afar
That leads to heights of fame.

EACH TO EACH

I 've journeyed east, I 've journeyed west.
What, think you, have I found the best ?
I 've seen the flash of northern sky,
And felt the south winds floating by.

From woodland's depth, and heights that tower,
I 've culled earth's tiny, fairest flower,
And heard sweet song from plumage bright,
That heralds morn, or woos the night.

I 've been with lords and ladies fine,
Whose pride is wealth, and rule, and line !
From courtly hall to cottage door,
I 've treasured but one thought the more.

Now do you wonder what I 'd say,
My life's most precious floweret, May ?
To be thus truly at your side —
No longer could the seas divide.

I bring to you the pearl of love,
Unsullied shall it ever prove,
And place it in your whitest hand —
No stranger, from a stranger land.

Your eyes have beamed anear and far.
Their light 's my hope, my guiding star.
Then — will you traverse, Love, with me,
Life's rosy path or chequered sea ?

She pressed the marble of his brow,
So manly, true, and noble, now.
Her heart gave answer, throbbing low :
“ Together, we will roaming go ! ”

CHARMED HOURS

Come, sit anear
The firelight, dear;
We 'll charm the hours together,
And talk of days
In the old ways,
Nor heed the wind or weather.

When, side by side,
No ills betide,
Hearts only know their lightness.
What hour so sweet,
In cushioned seat,
As evening with its brightness!

In flames that dart
Their ways apart,
We 'll watch the colors blending,
And fancies see,
All busily,
Their pictures outward sending.

We would not know,
If it were so,
As "sparks fly upward," ever,
That trouble lies
In either's eyes.
We cannot dream it — never!

Enough to feel,
Should shadows steal,
And night winds sigh more drear'ly,
The fire of love
Shall constant prove,
When kindled most sincerely.

BILLET-DOUX

With wings of the morning,
 These thoughts fly to you,
While bloom of the roses
 Is tipped with the dew.
Then tarry not, message,
 Love's skies will be blue,
And some one 's awaiting,—
 Yours, fondly and true.

UNREST

We 're wont to claim the good in life
 As our just right,
And when a little cloud appears
 To dim love's light,
With soul dismayed, we sadly gaze
 Into the night,
And ruefully bemoan our fate,
 With blinded sight.

TWIN ROSES

Maidens straying in a wood,
Culling bloom in fancy's mood,
Sang their gayest, sweetest song,
Life is love and love is long.

Birds, that twittered overhead,
Warbled most when most was said.
Winds, that stirred the leafy bough,
Echoed, all is promise now.

As twin roses on one stem,
Blossomed life to each of them.
Sister spirits, one in heart,
They could never drift apart.

When they gazed into the blue,
There were places made for two.
As each one new beauty bore,
Like to like it grew the more.

.

Maidens, sighing in the wood,
Petals drop, in pensive mood.
Never merry song's refrain
Whispers through the bough again.

Now and then, the whippoorwill
Calls from o'er the distant hill,
And the heavy dews of eve
Fall in tears, as grief doth grieve.

Shadows flit across the moon—
Have the stars come out too soon?
Clouds are gathering in the sky.
Sadder grows the night bird's cry.

Visions bright have passed away
As a dream of yesterday.
Sorrow pales the roses red—
Life is love and love is dead!

THE MYSTIC MISSIVE

It came as a dream in the springtime ! —
When the flowerets had scarce dared to peep
From the depths of their snowy chambers,
Where the frost-king had put them asleep.

I knew not the voice of its coming,
Nor the stir of its flight in the air ;
Through mists of the morning it floated,
As an odorous breath from somewhere.

Yet ever and ever I wondered,
And the willow grew greener each day,
Till beauteous grace fell to drooping,
In the sunshine and brightness of May.

Would you ask what language it uttered,
Or what charm so enveloped its dress ?
The mystic is never intrusive ;
So the answer will be — you must guess !

Though years into years have since drifted,
And full many life's shadows may be,
That missive is ever as sacred
As when first came its spirit to me.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

A child looks up with trusting face,
And faithfully it tries to trace
A heaven, 'way up in the sky,
Where all the good go when they die.

It learns that angels float with wings,
And, far removed from earthly things,
They soar and soar above the blue,
As if they 'd nothing else to do!

Not less, the saintly whisper low,
On bended knee, with cant and show,
That God is seated on a throne —
A righteous judge, to judge his own.

The worldly say that heaven lies
In this world's most discerning eyes,
And as they journey to and fro,
They see the all they care to know.

There is a heaven, near and far,
Not quite of earth, nor high as star,
That 's born of love devoid of fear,
And stoops to knowledge of a tear.

No heaven can be truly home
Where our heart-treasures may not come,
E'en though it be the pictured land
Of ceaseless praise with harp in hand !

When smallest link has left life's chain,
It 's wrought in finer mold, again,
And all that 's bright, and good, and true,
Is perfected in heaven's hue.

May we not, often, soul-gleams catch,
As hands shall gently lift the latch ;
And when the portals open wide,
Love's way to heaven needs no guide.

THE SHORELESS OCEAN

As mortals, we are solving
Life's problems by the score !
Yet, while we delve so deeply,
Rise questionings the more.

We think we span the heavens,
And round the earth as well !
Perhaps, as little children,
We scarce can nature spell.

This world is all so wondrous —
So vast, creation's plan,
Our eyes are blind with seeing
Just how things first began.

Ourselves are an enigma
Most wonderful of all ;
And silence seems most " golden " —
When mysteries appal.

What seems to-day's unfoldment
May meet to-morrow's quest,
And much of wisest wisdom
Is relative, at best.

Though truth's great door is swinging,
 We enter with surprise.
Where sunlight is the brightest,
 A shadow underlies.

Thought is not idly dreaming,
 Though hiding oft her face.
The hand that sets in motion,
 Must leave causation's trace.

We know of our existence
 Upon this mortal plane —
That hearts beat in and round us,
 And joys link sorrow's chain.

Perhaps in some Nirvana
 The good is plainly clear,
And wisely there interprets
 The Karma's sowing here.

DITES-MOI

Tell me, Love, in low repeating,
Life 's not all a weary way ;
That, while earnest heart is beating,
There 's a hope for every day.

Tell me that the light is shining
From thine own uplifted face,
And that there is no repining
Over shadow's early trace.

Tell me that thine eyes are beaming
Just as truly as of yore,
And that earnestness is gleaming
From their soul-depths all the more.

Tell me that the world of gladness,
Though it breathes a little sigh,
Was not meant for all of sadness,
While the blue is hanging high.

Tell me that among the flowers
Never fragrance is forgot ;
And between the golden hours
Weave a stray forget-me-not.

Tell me still, as time is flying,
And the silvered threads appear,
That in death there 'll be no dying —
Only whiter raiment, Dear !

SONGS UNSUNG

There are many fingers playing
Rhapsodies and songs unsung —
Allegros that go a-Maying,
And andantes sad among.

Though the minstrel wakes, so gladly,
Strains enchanting to the ear,
Those who touch life-chords most sadly
Have felt Miserere's tear.

ROSE AND THORN

I would that when mine eyes first saw the day,
Some kindly fate had said, "Thou needst not stay."
One little life would never have been missed,
Save by a mother's love, if lips she kissed.

The voice that in its coming cries and cries,
Seems most a prophecy of deeper sighs.
Why should young innocence the great world know?
And why should tiny feet the distance go?

Some lives, like plants, grow golden in the sun;
Some seek the shade, and fear the race to run.
The roses blush in presence of the morn;
Yet sweetest bud may rest beside a thorn.

RAIN, YE RAINS!

Weary, waiting through the night,
Watching for the morning light —
Storms without, that chill and pain;
Heart within, that throbs refrain.

Rain, ye rains! and, falling fast,
Drown each joy that would not last.
Blow, ye winds! that scarce can tell
Spring from winter's lonely spell.

What is life, that it should bring
Sorrow out of everything?
What is death? Should mortal care
Near its brink to tread? Beware.

Why should heart beat on so fast,
When a shroud hangs o'er the past?
Why let shadows longer creep,
When mine eyelids fain would sleep?

Wake they e'er beyond the veil?
Comes there voice to fears assail?
Know we aught that 's ever said
'Tween the living and the dead?

Oh! I know not! Hope 's afar
As the faintest, distant star.
Only speaks the inner soul
Of life's mystic, hidden scroll.

NEVER FORGET

Never forget the bright bloom of the day,
Though some rude briars may wound by the way.
Beauty and blossom could never abide
If shade and sunlight were not side by side.

Never forget the soft zephyrs that blow,
Though the cold blasts come that chill mortals so.
The snowdrops would never lift up their heads
If winter had never whitened their beds.

Never forget the kind words and the cheer,
Though some grave wrong has embittered a tear.
Tones that are tender, and smiles that are true,
Lighten the pathway when clouded the blue.

Never forget the sweet hopes that we meet,
Though the dread nightshade may bloom at our feet.
Skies are made gorgeous, when last ray has set,
And stars, to illumine, never forget.

BEYOND THE SUNSET

I do not know, yet have no fear
Of paths we last shall tread.
The power that placed our footsteps here
Will pillow earthly head

As tenderly as tiny flower
Holds its perfume at night,
Awaiting morn and gentle shower,
That it may bloom more bright.

Then shall not we, of higher mold,
When darker grows the way,
Look just beyond the sunset's gold
For a more perfect day ?

It cannot be that all in vain
Sweet hopes walk side by side.
Life gently sleeps, to wake again
The thought that never died.

WILL YOU MISS ME, THEN ?

Will you miss me, Love, when the night-time grows
So drear and so dark, as its shadows creep,
And hearts nestle close, their vigils to keep,
As the moments tick,— and mine eyelids close ?
When they keep
All asleep !
Will you miss me, then ?

Will you kiss me, Love, when the cold damp chills
The warmth of thy lips, whose fond impress now
Leaves blossoms of hope on Life's wearied brow,
As the deep down breath of the rose distils ?
When they 've said,
" She is dead ! "
Will you kiss me, then ?

Will you see me, Love, when the light no more
Shall waken each dawn, in the old, old way ?
When, dimmed by the mist of this earthly day,
The blue seems so far, o'er the angels' shore ?
'Yond the tear
Of earth's bier,
Will you see me, then ?

Will you hear me, Love, when the soft winds blow,
And whisper again, 'neath footfalls of eve,
The thoughts that we loved in beauty to weave,
From springtime of song to the winter's snow ?

In the sighs
From the skies,
Will you hear me, then ?

Will you know me, Love, though you may not clasp
The hand that grows white, as it nears the sky ?
Shall time not more closely strengthen the tie,
When heart has been true to an earthly grasp ?

From the star
Of afar,
Will you know me, then ?

Will you meet me, Love, 'yond all doubts and fears,
Where no mists of morn or shade of earth's night
Shall veil the once loved again from thy sight ?
Thine own angel, still, through byways of years !

So near thee
I 'll wing me,—
Thou wilt meet me, then !

WERE IT SO

I would miss you, dear, were the dews to fall,
And the cloudland fade in the twilight gray—
Were the sunset gold to be dimmed away,
And the night-long hush heed no pleading call.

If the heart
Beats to part,
I would miss you, then.

I would kiss you, dear, though the marble face
Should wear e'en the sign of an icy breath,
That earth, in its doubt, calls, so often, death!
The life that has lived—shall it leave no trace?

Though the cold
Hands enfold,
I would kiss you, then.

I would see you, dear, with the longing eyes
That gazed in the blue they had loved so well,
Till they seemed to speak more than words could tell,
And throbs beat afresh, in some sweet surprise.

Through some gleam,
It must seem
I would see you, then.

I would hear you, dear, in the silent shade
Of the woodland's depth, or 'mid balmy air —
In the mem'ries fond that shall linger there,
And the untold song love's sweet music made.

Soft and low —
Were it so,
I would hear you, then.

I would know you, dear, when you softly glide
Where the roses blush, or the lilies pale.
When the heart 's enshrined, there 's a silver trail
That shall vanish ne'er from the sainted side.

In the sad
Days or glad,
I would know you, then.

I would meet you, dear, in the near or far
Of the Morning Land, at the pearly gate
That shall open wide, as the loved ones wait.
The way will be clear, 'neath love's guiding star.

'Yond all fear
Of earth's tear,
I shall meet you, then.

RETROSPECTIVE

Little verses, do you know
How you first began to grow,
When the music of a rhyme
Ran along the bars of time?
Did it seem that you would look
At yourselves within a book!
Are you just a trifle shy,
Lest the world should pass you by?
Sometimes very tiny things
Soar aloft to try their wings.
Only through an airy flight
Can they learn to poise aright.
I will trust you, simple lays
Of the dark or sunlit days,
Lips of morn or evening hour,
When life's dew were on the flower.
Should a single fancy seem
Brightened by a flitting gleam,
Or a whispered line appear
Saddened by a sigh or tear,
You will know the heart alone
Breathed its own deep undertone.





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